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SIXPENCE.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. KRUGER, TAKEN AT THE HAGUE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The monstrous greed and perfidy of England continue to anger what a Dutch gentleman of my acquaintance (through the post) calls "the civilised population of Europe." It is reported from the Hague that some Dutch politicians are nervously wondering whether England will seek revenge for Queen Wilhelmina's hospitality to Mr. Kruger by seizing Java. Perhaps they remember that Java has been ours. "We have had it, your German Rhine!" sang a ribald French poet in days when no Frenchman ever dreamed that the Rhine was for ever beyond the grasp of France. We do not make rude songs about our former possession of Java, nor are there any English ballads on the subject of the Achenese War. (I wonder, by the way, whether my Dutch acquaintance remembers how many years, and how much money, and how many troops it cost Holland to subjugate those troublesome Achenese, who were fighting for an independence that did not square with Dutch policy!) But there is a conscience, strange as it may seem to "the civilised population of Europe," even in England's insatiable maw. Moreover, Queen Wilhelmina has inspired quite a romantic passion in the British monster, who is more likely to play the lion to her Una than to pounce on her dominions.

It is curious that European statesmen should have such a poor opinion of that "civilised population." Count von Bulow, for instance, declines to learn statecraft from the Pan-Germans who shriek and gibber in the Hamburg streets. He goes so far as to say that he will not yield to the dictation of the "pothouse." This is rather hard on the respectable German citizens who drink confusion to England in so much excellent beer. I decline to believe that the "pothouse" is the source of popular sentiment in Germany. Noble ideals have a loftier birth. There is arbitration, for example, which is so consonant with the German character and traditions that, when Mr. Kruger demands it, what more natural than that his German friends should want to force it on the brutal English? "Vive l'arbitrage!" as they cry in Paris, where this method of settling disputes has been a national principle for, let me see, how many generations? Unfortunately, Mr. Kruger did not appreciate the beauties of arbitration before the war. He was advised by the German Government to seek mediation. He was advised by the Netherlands Government to make concessions. He was advised, in short, to any course except the mad adventure on which he was obstinately set. Now that he has lost the hazard, he objects to pay the forfeit, and talks of arbitration as if it were his heart's blood. No wonder the Governments of Europe will have nothing to do with him, despite the wrath of the "civilised population."

My Dutch correspondent writes from a town in Holland which, in English, he tells me, means Greenmarket. The name has pleasing associations with the fruits of the earth. I can see my correspondent cultivating his garden, like Candide, and sending praiseworthy vegetables to a profitable auction. It is an ideal life, free from the nervous disorders of politics—not that Dutch politics can have any disturbing elements in ordinary times. I was once privileged to witness the assembling of the Dutch Legislature, and nothing struck me so much as the placidity of the honourable members. But the advent of Mr. Kruger has broken up the peaceful scene. Legislators are

asking in awe-struck whispers, "Shall we lose Java?" and the gardener of Greenmarket deserts his cabbages to abuse the British soldier and my humble person. I have shocked this Dutchman's sense of the eternal verities by this statement: "Everybody knows that England was wholly unprepared for war." "Deliberate lie," "you know that you are lying," "insolent liar that you are"—such are the pleasant vials that are broken on my head. Did we not send troops to South Africa in the summer of last year before the war broke out? We did, and the result was a force hopelessly inadequate for the defence of Natal against the invaders. Preparation for war does not mean the presence of troops; it means the presence of troops in sufficient numbers. That is the difference between Mr. Kruger's readiness and our unreadiness. When a public meeting develops into a riot, and there are a dozen policemen to do the work of a hundred, does any sane man argue that the presence of the dozen showed that the authorities were wholly prepared for the emergency?

Of course, it is useless to reason with my angry Dutchman, who is suffering from Boeritis in its most malignant form. Boeritis means the paralysis of the reasoning faculty and the debauch of the emotions. It prevents this particular victim from seeing that, owing to our total lack of real preparation, Mr. Kruger had us at an enormous disadvantage, and that the war would have been an even more serious affair for us than it has been, had the military genius and daring of De Wet been displayed at the beginning instead of the end. It is Boeritis which tells me that our troops are "pillaging and robbing farms," and that if they had any "shame" or "feeling of honour" they would not "make prisoners of old people and women." When the British taxpayer comes to pay the bill, one of the items will be payment to Boer farmers who hold receipts for goods of which they have been "pillaged" and "robbed." Many Boer women owe their personal safety from marauding natives to the "atrocities" which tore them from their homes, and placed them under military protection. It is Boeritis which shrieks "Extermination!" when it reads that a number of Boers have been killed in action, and a much larger number taken prisoners. When the war ends we shall have most of the fighting population in temporary captivity. How this is to "exterminate" them I cannot imagine.

It comes to this, that the people who denounce our soldiers with blind and furious passion deny to us the usages of war because they believe in the righteousness of the Boer cause. I have analysed this psychological curiosity before. It is quaintly illustrated by a writer who has Boeritis in a comparatively mild form. He claims to have discovered one or two authentic cases of serious crime in the British army in South Africa; but he hastens to assure us that he would no more dream of discrediting an army of 230,000 men on this score than he would lay the statistics of crime in England at the doors of the whole community. That is a refreshing whiff of common-sense: but the next moment I find the military necessity of farm-burning condemned as part of "the policy of annexation." Mr. Kruger tried to annex Natal, and the Boers played havoc with the farms in that colony; but for us to annex the Boers is altogether wicked, and the incidental military operations put us beyond the moral pale.

How does the Boer apply these topsy-turvy ethics? The great majority of the fighting burghers have inspired

the respect that is due to valour and humanity; but there are others who enable us to judge the effect of Boeritis when it seizes a Boer. An officer of Strathcona's Horse, who has since been invalided home, one day led his men to a farmhouse that was flying the white flag. Suddenly some concealed Boers opened fire, and one of the Canadians was wounded. The patrol rushed into the house and made prisoners of the farmer and several of the culprits. When he was questioned, the farmer calmly answered, "I fly the white flag because I know that the English will respect it, and will not attack my house. But I have a right to fight under the flag, and I will shoot you down when I get the chance." The case was referred to headquarters, and next day all the prisoners were shot. They made no complaint, but met their fate with absolute stoicism. Here you have Boeritis in its logical application. If it be criminal for the British in an unrighteous cause to avail themselves of the usages of war, it is justifiable for the Boer in a righteous cause to resort to the grossest treachery. If that farmer had read the war literature of the Afrikaner Bond, I don't see how he could have come to any other conclusion. And if "the policy of annexation" is to be blamed for farm-burning, I may as well be told that had we not retaliated on Mr. Kruger, the stoical Boer farmer and his comrades would not have put their remarkable moral principles into practice.

ART NOTES.

Much credit is due to the energetic managers of the Grafton Galleries, Messrs. Croft and Barrington Nash, for having carried into execution their promise of a second Romney Exhibition. In the past summer they had brought together a more than average collection of Romney's works, but it showed, as was inevitable, certain gaps, which it required time to fill. It would be scarcely correct to say that the winter exhibition altogether fulfils the wish of the managers, but it goes far to show us the scarcely recognised side of Romney as a painter of men. Hitherto it has been customary to regard him as essentially a painter of women, more or less fashionable, whom he depicted in simple costumes, which were obviously not their daily dress. They are fluent, superficial, and engaging, and sometimes reach a higher key, as in the case of Lady Forbes of Pittslo, which shows Romney at his best, although it is wanting in some of those qualities which one looks for in painters of the "grand manner." The only other portrait which in any degree compares with it is that which is somewhat vaguely described as "One of the Ladies Hamilton" (28), which has been so freely repainted as to leave Romney's own work scarcely traceable. The portrait of Miss Charlotte Pierson in a white dress, and artlessly trying on her bonnet, is one of his best efforts in child-painting, but in this line he was never seriously a rival to Reynolds.

It may sound almost a heresy, but one cannot be altogether sorry that the portraits of Emma, Lady Hamilton, are comparatively few, although one is constantly reminded of her whenever Romney was not painting actual portraits. She was his type of beauty, and his chief delight seemed the discovery of her fascination in the faces of others. On the picture known as "Emma Reading the Gazette," the remarks made on the occasion of the first Romney Exhibition need not be repeated; but it is unfortunate that in the painting of Lady Hamilton, those who followed Romney were not quite agreed as to the colour either of her eyes or hair.

OUR PHOTOGRAPHURES.

We have pleasure in informing subscribers to the photographures after Mr. S. Begg's painting of "The First Cabinet of the Twentieth Century" that they will receive their copies early in February. Our lists are still open for orders at the popular price of one guinea for signed proofs and half-a-guinea after letters.

The following are now ready for immediate issue: "Lord Roberts at the Front," by R. Caton Woodville, 200 artist's proofs only, at £3 3s. each; "Sons of the Blood," representing the gathering of the gallant colonials under the old flag; "The Queen Listening to a Despatch from the Front," "The Surrender of Cronje to Lord Roberts" (no artist's proofs left), "The Queen's Garden Party at Buckingham Palace," all measuring about 30 in. by 20 in., at half-a-guinea each, a few artist's proofs at one guinea; "Fight the Good Fight," the C.I.V. at St. Paul's, price five shillings; artist's proofs, half-a-guinea. Ready next week, "Bobs as Schoolmaster," an artistic reproduction in colours, from the clever drawing by Cecil Aldin, 2s. 6d. each, size 15 in. by 20 in. Illustrated price lists sent on application to Photographure Department, 198, Strand, London, W.C.; also obtainable through all newsagents and book-sellers.

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Lord Roberts's return, focussing, as it does, so many memories of the South African Campaign, lends a special significance to the *édition de luxe* which we are about to publish of our Record Number of the Transvaal War. Many, we are sure, will be glad at such a moment to possess and read Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's able account of Lord Roberts's rapid success in the conduct of the war; while there is a strong personal note of interest in detailed doings of every regiment, both home and colonial, which served under him in South Africa and elsewhere. The illustrations, comprising several vivid scenes by our Special Artists at the Front as well as portraits of most of the prominent officers, find their central interest in the splendid photographure of the hero of the hour, Lord Roberts. The *édition de luxe*, which is printed on specially made paper, will contain portraits of the principal artists, and also a portrait of Mr. Spenser Wilkinson. There will be signatures of the three most important artists who have taken part in the illustration of the



"SONS OF THE BLOOD."

book, Mr. Begg, Mr. Caton Woodville, and Mr. Melton Prior. To enhance the bibliographic interest of the publication, the issue will be strictly limited, and every copy will be numbered and signed by the Editor. As the price of this superb volume, which will be bound in half-morocco and decorated with a design specially prepared by Mr. Caton Woodville, is only one guinea, we anticipate a large demand, and must, therefore, request that intending purchasers will place their orders early with the Publisher, 198, Strand, or at all railway bookstalls. Published in the middle of January.

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BLACK SABLE TRAPPING IN NORTHERN CHINA AND SAGHALIEN.

The trap is composed of two slender tree-trunks set one above the other. The slightest touch of the bait releases a springy piece of brushwood, and the trees close over the victim.



THE GERMAN TRAINING-SHIP "GNEISENAU," WRECKED OFF MALAGA ON DECEMBER 16.

Photo. Synnolds, Portsmouth.



A CHINESE REMINISCENCE: POLICE GUARD OF THE BRITISH LEGATION AT PEKING IN 1863.

From "The Illustrated London News" of March 12, 1864.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MR. KRUGER.

Mr. Kruger, in his pilgrimage of despair through Europe, must be an object of very general commiseration. There is something pathetic even in the smartening-up of the outer man. It was the recording photographer, not the fanciful or malignant lampooner, who made us familiar with the Mr. Kruger of former days in clothes that lent themselves easily to caricature. But in something more than his Sunday best he set forth on his mission to the Monarchs and Ministers of Europe. To Paris, the cradle of fashion,

Court and of the man in the street in the discharge of his duties. The mental attitude of an enforced kowtowing will no longer be familiar at the Legations. All the same, Sir Ernest Satow has his work cut out for him in Peking. Some drawings of him on the way thither reach us this week. H.M. gun-boat *Snipe* bore the Minister from Shanghai to Wusung, where he embarked on H.M.S. *Orlando*. Upon the quarter-deck he was welcomed by Captain Burke, the United States battle-ship *Oregon* being an interested onlooker.

Nobody at the Peking Legation is likely, for some time to come, to have much leisure, and certainly not the Police Guard. From London this force, heavily tried during the events of the closing year, takes its origin. Thirty-six years

BLACK SABLE TRAPPING.

Black sable and silver-fox fur has always been high in favour, notwithstanding all the vagaries of fashion. The scarcity of the animals and the hundreds of miles the trapper has to cover to secure a catch will always be the cause of the high prices paid for these two precious pelts. The simple and ingenious contrivance in use by the trappers of Siberia and Northern China to catch the very cautious and wily member of the Mustela family consists of two slender tree trunks one above the other, set in a slanting division, and arranged in such a way that the least touch at the bait releases a springy piece of birchwood and the two tree trunks close over the victim.

NORTH v. SOUTH FOOTBALL-MATCH.

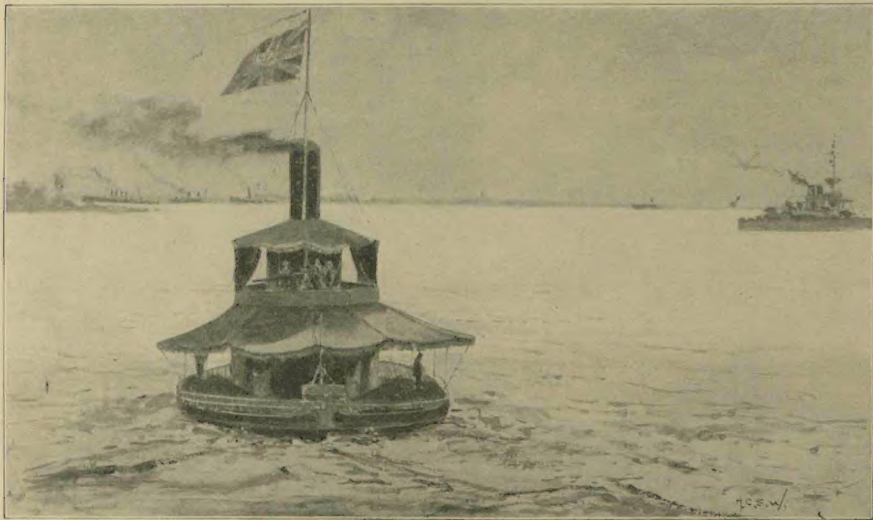
The Gloucestershire County cricket ground at Bristol was on Saturday the scene of the first of the two matches annually played under Rugby Union rules between the North and the South of England. The ball was kicked off for the South by Luxmore in the presence of about six thousand spectators. The game went early against the Northerners, and so continued, despite some excellent play from Walton, Brettargh, Taylor, and Nicholson. The Southerners—among whom Gamlin and E. J. Vivyan particularly distinguished themselves—won by two goals (one dropped) and three tries to two tries. Of the thirty-five matches played between them, the Southerners can claim twenty-two victories and the Northerners ten.

THE LOST GERMAN TRAINING-SHIP.

"Blood is the price of Admiralty!" and the wreck of the German training-ship *Gneisenau* at Malaga has resulted in the drowning of about fifty men, and the inflicting of injuries on a hundred others. A violent storm drove the ship from her moorings, and dashed her against the east breakwater of the outer harbour. Of the 460 souls on board, the great majority were boys training for the German Navy. Some of those who jumped overboard were beaten against the rocks and so perished; others were rescued by valiant and adventuring inhabitants of Malaga. The commander of the vessel, Captain Kretschmann, perished at his post. A Spanish sailor, who got quite close to the doomed ship, loosed a rope to him, but the Captain, instead of taking it, threw his sword, in apparent reward for the attention, to his would-be rescuer. It is said that he had been forewarned of the gale, and advised to take safer anchorage within the harbour; and his failure to adopt the precaution may have preyed at the last on his mind. The vessel sank in ten minutes.

OUR PORTFOLIO OF VICTORIOUS GENERALS.

In view of Lord Roberts's return, we have pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to a remarkable publication of *The Illustrated London News Company*, which is ready for immediate issue. It is especially interesting at the present time, when the Commander-in-Chief returns home after his last victorious campaign. The portfolio contains eight portraits of the Generals who have borne the most prominent parts in the recent South African War, and of these the portrait of Lord Roberts is of particular interest, as it shows the Commander-in-Chief in profile. The eight portraits are beautifully pulled in colour on a Rembrandt art board, and are surrounded by a gold



THE NEW BRITISH MINISTER'S JOURNEY TO PEKING: ARRIVAL OF THE GUN-BOAT "SNIPE" AT WUSUNG, WITH SIR E. SATOW ON BOARD.

From a Sketch by Mr. D. de C. A. Herbert, R.N.

he paid the compliment of an increased carefulness about appearances. When he landed at Marseilles he was already groomed beyond the experiences of even great days in Pretoria. The hat was no longer the sort of official headgear of the Dopper, but a "topper" such as any French President might assume in lieu of a crown. In the Hague, as in Paris, Mr. Kruger has kept up these appearances, more likely to move generous minds to sighs than to laughter. There is a tradition in England of a Duke who went about with patches in his trousers, and who boasted he was one of the few men he knew who could afford to wear them. When Mr. Kruger's portrait, taken at the Hague, and reproduced in our pages to-day, goes back to the Transvaal, it may tell, by its outward aspect, that to Mr. Kruger no longer belong those little immunities, in personal manners and looks, which the great in station sometimes inconspicuously claim.

OUR CHRISTMAS PICTURES.

Another Christmas in war-time, but with a difference. We now know how we stand in South Africa, and half-a-dozen Magaliesbergs need not throw anything worth calling a shadow over the Christmas cheer of the coming week. Once more the nation can wish itself, and we our readers, the wonted compliments of the season. All the same, England is keeping her feast in war-time. "Christmas under Arms," the subject of one of our Illustrations, represents a party of campaigners who are making the best of things. There has been a large re-issue of the plum-puddings that first found their way to the Front a year ago, though the fact, with its first freshness off it, has not been so prominently published. Here, at home, "Christmas on Crutches" is being kept by many a returned hero, and kept gaily. Hero-worship, on the way from church, seems, under the circumstances, to be quite in keeping—a part, at any rate, of the natural religion of patriotism. Many a solitary figure, too, will pass the Lynch Gate, with or without its seasonable burden of snow, of the parish church, with memories of the husband, the brother, the father, or the son still away at the War.

Christmas weather, which the artist for picturesque purposes insists shall be wintry, appears at its worst to the landsman looking out on the waters and at the craft of all sorts there waylaid. "Christmas in the Roadstead," though it may seem to the onlooker to have reminiscences of Arctic expeditions or of the blizzards which recently checked in ice the shipping in New York Harbour, has its evident consolations to those most nearly concerned. Indoors, at any rate, fires burn brighter for the keenness of the air outside.

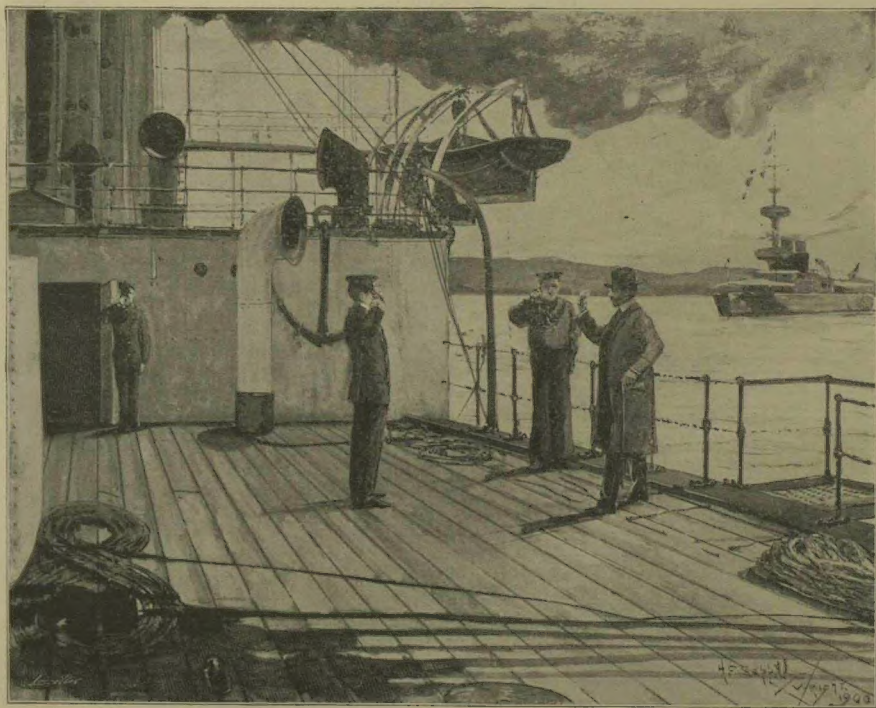
Christmas is the feast of children, who, indeed, make the gaiety of nations, and, if they weep for a night, rejoice in the morning. For them Santa Claus is a patron whose powers of benediction never fail, any more than the invocations of him ever weary. The toy-shop is his shrine, and even the kitchen, when plum-pudding is to be stirred, becomes, and without bloodshed, his annexed territory.

AFFAIRS IN CHINA.

Sir Ernest Satow might journey to Peking with a confident heart, but it could not be with a light one. The successor of Sir Claude Macdonald has to make something much more difficult than a mere new start. Fortunately, the recent revolution has allowed of changes where they were least anticipated—changes that will henceforth make the English Minister independent of the favour alike of the

ago the Metropolitan Commissioners of Police, with the sanction of the Home Secretary, selected a body of men to go out to her Majesty's Minister at Peking and be the guard of the Legation. The costume in which they went was, of course, a matter in which great care was taken. The ordinary uniform decided upon consisted of a blue tunic, with scarlet piping, a cork helmet, and blue overalls. A white jean tunic, with scarlet pipings, was the summer undress; and there was blue serge for morning and evening wear. Cloaks and sheepskin coats, with high boots, were for winter use. Swords and revolvers were the arms dealt out.

The First Note of the Powers to the Chinese Government is still the most discussed item of the Chinese



SIR E. SATOW RECEIVED BY CAPTAIN BURKE ON BOARD H.M.S. "ORLANDO" AT WUSUNG.

From a Sketch by Mr. D. de C. A. Herbert, R.N.

negotiations. In this, as in other cases, the rule applies of most hurry, least speed. Sir Ernest Satow, at any rate, takes that view; for it is a suggested modification of his, on the terms approved by others, that now stops the way. Meanwhile, the stories of cruelty and wrong perpetrated during the active days of the "Boxer" revolt accumulate.

mount ready for framing. The other portraits are of Kitchener, Buller, Baden-Powell, Macdonald, French, Ian Hamilton, and Rundle. Only a very limited number of copies has been printed, and we therefore must request intending purchasers to place their orders without delay with the Publisher, 198, Strand, or at any bookstalls. The price will be five shillings. Published Jan. 1.

PERSONAL.

Captain Hedworth Lambton has been ridiculing General Mercier's "plan" for an invasion of England. But nothing is known of this "plan," which is probably as visionary as General Trochu's famous "plan" for raising the siege of Paris. So slight is the esteem that Mercier enjoys amongst his own countrymen that they have laughed at him. It may be said, indeed, that the only point on which French politicians are united is contempt of General Mercier.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau has again renewed the vitality of his Ministry by the most unlikely means. The Amnesty Bill, which satisfies neither Dreyfusard nor Anti-Dreyfusard, has survived the stratagems of the Opposition. It will prevent any criminal prosecution arising out of the "Affaire," so forgers and false witnesses are safe. An attempt to exclude them from the Bill was easily defeated. Civil actions, however, are not debarred, and appeal to the Court of Cassation is still technically open to Captain Dreyfus.

The death of Mr. T. Jennings, sen., is reported from his residence at Newmarket. The famous trainer was



Photo. Hatley, Newmarket.
THE LATE MR. THOMAS JENNINGS,
The Newmarket Trainer.

born at Shelford, Cambridge, in the year 1823. When young Tom Jennings was sent over to France, racing there was in its cradle, and the equivalents of our Derby and Oaks had only just been established at Chantilly under the titles of the Prix du Jockey Club and the Prix de Diane. The Jennings family had a great hand in this French naturalisation of an English sport. One of Mr. T. Jennings's uncles, who was settled in France, taught him his trade, and his brother, the late Mr. Henry Jennings, was for some time trainer to Prince Marc de Beauvau.

Some ingenious person has pretended that Dr. Leyds had the use of the French Foreign Office cipher before the war, and telegraphed to Pretoria that M. Delcassé thought the Boer Ultimatum ought not to be delayed. This rubbish was solemnly communicated to the *Times* by a correspondent signing himself "Behind the Scenes." It is very probable that this is Leyds himself, or one of his tools, for the story is exactly what that astute Hollander would like the world to believe. Another correspondent of the *Times* says that when M. Delcassé heard of this precious legend he laughed, and said, "C'est parfaitement ridicule!"

Mr. Paul Botha, who sat in the Free State Volksraad for twenty-one years, has published a remarkable pamphlet. He belonged to Mr. Fraser's party, and was strongly opposed to Krugerism and the war. His opinion of Mr. Kruger is in the last degree unflattering. So is his opinion of British policy in South Africa for a very long period. But he recognises that Boer independence is lost for ever, and that the insane dream of "South Africa for the Afrikaners," in Mr. Kruger's interpretation of the saying, is over. Mr. Botha says that the majority of the Boers have taken and kept the oath of neutrality, and this is certainly supported by the figures, for out of 50,000 fighting burghers, not more than 12,000 remain in the field.

M. Tatistcheff, attaché to the Russian Embassy in London, made a very amiable speech lately about the relations between Russia and England. He said that, although very dissimilar in many respects, both countries were "deeply imbued with the monarchical spirit." As the spirit with us is purely constitutional, and in Russia purely autocratic, this bond of union is somewhat shadowy.

The attempts to reach the North Pole follow each other in unending succession, and are, in fact, fast becoming affairs of a noble international emulation. "It can be done, and England ought to do it," was the legend of Millais's famous picture of the ancient mariner and the map. A recent popular American writer has made the love-interest of an exciting novel turn on the willingness of men to become martyrs, in order to secure for their country these icy but evergreen laurels of pioneering renown. The Baldwin-Ziegler expedition, now being organised, represents that combination of capital and labour by which impossible things become possible to man. Mr. Ziegler, who is a New York millionaire, has undertaken the heavy charges of the great daring expedition



Photo. Dupont, New York.
MR. WILLIAM ZIEGLER,
Promoter of the Baldwin-Ziegler Polar Expedition.

Mr. Evelyn B. Baldwin, the personal leader of the Baldwin-Ziegler Expedition, is now on a visit to London, making his preparatory purchases of instruments and other elaborate arrangements.



Photo. Dupont, New York.
MR. EVELYN B. BALDWIN,
Leader of the Baldwin-Ziegler Polar Expedition.

Major-General Ralph Arthur Penrhyn Clements, who went out to South Africa last year in command of the 12th Brigade, has had his name in prominent notice this week in connection with the latest developments of the war. He is the youngest son of the late Rev. J. Clements,



MAJOR-GENERAL R. A. P. CLEMENTS,
IN COMMAND AT MAGALIESBERG.

sub-Dean of Lincoln Cathedral, and was educated at Rossall. Twenty-six years ago he joined the 24th Regiment; he was Captain in 1880, Major in 1886, Brevet-Colonel in 1896, and in command of the 2nd Battalion of the South Wales Borderers in 1899. He was decorated for service in the Kaffir and Zulu Wars, wears the medal and two clasps of the Burma Campaign; belongs to the D.S.O., and for the last four years has been an Aide-de-camp to the Queen.

The Earl of Wemyss has always had a way of his own in Parliament; but the politicians whom he has most severely handled will not grudge him their good wishes on the occasion of his marriage with Miss Grace Blackburn, a niece of the late Lord Blackburn. Lord Wemyss is an octogenarian whose views on architecture and Cromwell and the War Office are still nearly as young as they were when Queen Victoria began to reign.

Queen Isabella is so little heard of in these days that it is almost a surprise to find that she is still alive. She does not approve the engagement of her granddaughter, the Princess of Asturias, to the Duke of Calabria. Curiously enough, the Count of Caserta, father of the Duke, is unable to visit Spain, because he was sentenced years ago to pains and penalties for his connection with a Carlist conspiracy. It adds a piquancy to Spanish royal marriages that the father-in-law of a Princess should have to avoid the Spanish police.

Dr. Parker was made the victim of a wicked hoax in regard to his editorship of the *Sun* for one week. A letter, purporting to be his, invited the manager of the Gaiety Theatre to act as dramatic critic. Dr. Parker has denounced this invention with fitting scorn. He has been calling on his fellow-citizens to renounce the racecourse—a sufficiently

startling innovation in an evening paper. The newshyres who sell the *Sun* have not been able to cry "All the winners!" for a whole week.

There is a disagreeable controversy between Lord Stanley and Mr. Burdett-Coutts. Lord Stanley affirms that Mr. Burdett-Coutts threatened to attack the hospital management in South Africa if he were not allowed to go to the front. Mr. Burdett-Coutts denies this allegation, and asks whether it is likely that a man in his position would expose himself to such a charge. The report of the Hospitals Commission will be presented shortly, before the reassembling of Parliament in February.

Nobody will grudge Winchester its share in the national patriotic celebrations, considering the important place it once held in the history of England. Lord Roberts has consented to accept the freedom of the city, which was once conferred on Charles II. and, again, on the Duke of Wellington. The national commemoration of Alfred the Great will take place at Winchester during the summer of next year.

Mr. Michael G. Mulhall, whose death took place at Killiney, near Dublin, was born in that city sixty-four



Photo. Landstrom, Buenos Ayres.
THE LATE MR. MICHAEL G. MULHALL,
Statistician.

years ago. Meanwhile he had had an adventurous career far afield. He was educated in Rome at the Irish College, and he was the pioneer of the English newspaper Press in South America, the first paper printed there, in our language, having been the *Standard*, produced by Mr. Mulhall at Buenos Ayres in 1838. In 1878 he returned to this country, and proceeded to make his name as the author of "The Progress of the World," "The History of Prices," and the invaluable "Dictionary of Statistics," which finds a place in every reference library. Mr. Mulhall was married to a lady whose book, "Between the Amazon and the Andes," placed her among the ranks of ladies who travel well and write well of their travels.

Parliament was prorogued after a fortnight's session. On the last day Mr. Bryn Roberts delivered himself of a speech against the war, which Mr. Brodrick said would be resented by public opinion. Public opinion does not concern itself with Mr. Bryn Roberts.

The Birmingham Quakers have protested against the resolution of the municipal authorities to confer the freedom of the city on Lord Roberts. They admire Lord Roberts's personal character, but object to giving the freedom to "a soldier." What would they say to the Quaker in the story who, when pirates tried to board the ship on which he was a passenger, chopped their hands off at the wrist with a hatchet, remarking, "Friend, thou hast no business here?"

The pilgrimage to Rome which leaves London two days after Christmas will consist of about two hundred persons. The Duke of Norfolk will be its leader, and it will be met in Rome by Cardinal Vaughan. Assistance at a new century inaugural midnight service performed by the Pope in St. Peter's is a possibility of the pilgrimage; but appears to depend on the amount of resistance Leo XIII. brings to bear against the cautious advice of his physician.

The London County Council has decided to purchase twelve new Merryweather fire-escapes for the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. Each will consist of three ladders and a loose first-floor ladder, capable of reaching to a total height of 50 ft. These will doubtless prove a valuable addition to London's life-saving appliances.

An enormous gathering of lovers of music thronged the Albert Hall on December 12 to hear the last of Mr. Edward Lloyd Longago, the great tenor decided to retire with the century, and while his voice was still, if not in its prime, at any rate no mere echo of its old self. At his leave-taking with Londoners, he chose for his first solo the "Prize Song" from "Die Meistersinger," and for his last, "The Holy City," representing the two extremes of his art. It was an afternoon of encores; and the rendering of "When other lips" gave great delight to Mr. Lloyd's hearers, who called him on to the platform many times by their cheers, and finally struck up, "For he's a jolly good fellow." It is nearly thirty years since he made his first appearance of the kind at the Gloucester Musical Festival,



Photo. Everett.
MR. EDWARD LLOYD,
The Famous Tenor, Now Retired.



A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Drawn by Hal Hurst.

The Would-be-Goods. BEING BEAVERS;

OR, THE YOUNG EXPLORERS (ARCTIC OR OTHERWISE).

BY E. NESBIT.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR H. BUCKLAND.

YOU read in books about the pleasures of London, and about how people who live in the country long for the gay whirl of fashion in town because the country is so dull. I do not agree with this at all. In London, or at any rate Lewisham, nothing happens unless you make it happen—or if it happens it doesn't happen to you, and you don't know the people it does happen to. But in the country the most interesting events occur quite freely, and they seem to happen to you as much as to anyone else, very often quite without your doing anything to help.

The natural right ways of earning your living in the country are much jollier than town ones, too; sowing and reaping and doing things with animals are much better sport than fishmongering, or baking, or oil-shopping, or those sort of things, except, of course, a plumber's and gas-fitter's, and he is the same town or country, most interesting and like an engineer.

I remember what a nice man it was that came to cut the gas off once at our old house in Lewisham, when my father's business was feeling so poorly. He was a true gentleman, and gave Oswald and Dickie over two yards and a quarter of good lead piping, and a brass tap that only wanted a washer, and a whole handful of screws to do as we liked with. We screwed the back-door up with the screws, I remember, one night when Eliza was out without leave. There was an awful row. We did not mean to get her into trouble; we only thought it would be amusing to her to find the door screwed up when she came down to take in the milk in the morning. But I must not say any more about the Lewisham house. It is only the pleasures of memory, and nothing to do with being Beavers or any sort of exploring.

I think Dora and Daisy are the kind of girls who will grow up very good, and perhaps marry missionaries. I am glad Oswald's destiny looks at present as if it might be different.

We made two expeditions to discover the source of the Nile (or the North Pole), and owing to their habit of sticking together and doing dull and praiseworthy things like sewing and helping with the cooking and taking invalid delicacies to the poor and indignant, Daisy and Dora were wholly out of it both times. They said they did not mind the first time, because they like to keep themselves clean; it is another of their green ways. And they said they had had a better time than us. (It was only a clergyman and his wife who called, and hot cakes for tea.) The other time they said they were lucky

not to have been in it. And perhaps they were right. But let me to my narrative. I hope you will like it. I am going to try to write it a different way—like the books they give you for a prize at a girls' school. I mean a "Young Ladies' School," of course, not a High School. High Schools are not nearly so silly as some other kinds. Here goes.

"Ah me!" sighed a slender maiden of twelve summers, removing her elegant hat and passing her taper fingers lightly through her fair tresses, "how sad it is, is it not, to see able-bodied youths wasting the precious summer hours in idleness and luxury!" The maiden frowned reproachfully, but yet with earnest gentleness, at the group of youths and maidens who sat beneath an umbragiferous beech-tree and ate black-currants.

"Dear brothers and sisters," the blushing girl went on, "could we not, even now, at the eleventh hour, turn to account these wasted lives of ours, and seek some occupation at once improving and agreeable?"

silly to waste a day like this. It's just on eleven. Come on."

And Oswald said, "Where to?"

"This was the beginning of it."

The moat that is all round our house is fed by streams. One of them is a sort of open overflow-pipe from a good-sized stream that flows at the other side of the orchard.

It was this stream that Alice meant when she said—

"Why not go and discover the source of the Nile?"

Of course Oswald knows quite well that the source of the real live Egyptian Nile is no longer buried in that mysteriousness where it lurked undisturbed for such a long time; but he was not going to say so.

"Why not have it an Arctic Expedition?" said Dickie, "then we could take an ice-axe, and live on blubber and things. Besides, it sounds cooler."

"Vote, vote," cried Oswald. So we did.

Oswald, Alice, Noël, and Denny voted for the river of the ibis and the crocodile. Dickie, H. O., and the other girls for the region of perennial winter and blubber. So Alice said: "We can decide as we go. Let's start, anyway."

The question of supplies had now to be gone into. Every body wanted to take something different, and nobody thought the other people's things would be the slightest use. It is sometimes thus, even with grown-up expeditions. So then Oswald, who is equal to the hardest emergency that ever emerged yet, said—

"Let's each get what we like: the secret storehouse can be the shed in the corner of the stable-yard. Then the captain can decide who's to take what."

This was done. You may think it but the work of a moment to fit out an expedition, but this is not so, especially when you know not whether your exploring party is going to Central Africa or to the world of ice-bergs and the Polar bear.

Dickie wished to take the wood-axe, the coal-hammer, a blanket, and a macintosh.

H. O. brought a

large faggot, in case we had to light fires, and a pair of old skates he had happened to notice in the box-room.

Noël had nicked a dozen boxes of matches, a spade and a trowel, and had also obtained—I know not by what means—a jar of pickled onions.

Denny had a walking-stick—he is very fond of it—a book to read, in case he got tired of being a discoverer, a butterfly-net, and a box with cork in it; a tennis-ball, in case he wanted to play rounders in the pauses of exploring,



Oswald advanced warily to the end of the burning rails, and put his wet jacket over the end bit.

"I do not quite follow your meaning, dear sister," replied the cleverest of her brothers, on whose brow—

It's no use.

I can't write like those books. I wonder how the books' authors can keep it up.

What really happened was that we were eating black-currants in the orchard out of a cabbage-leaf; and Alice said—

"I say—look here—let's do something! It's simply

two towels, and an umbrella, in case of camping, or if the river got big enough to bathe in, or to be fallen into.

Alice had a comforter for Noël, in case we got late, a pair of scissors and a needle and cotton, and two whole candles in case of caves. And she had thoughtfully brought the table-cloth off the small table in the dining-room, so that we could make all the things up into one bundle and take it in turns to carry it.

Oswald had fastened his master mind entirely on grub. Nor had the others neglected this.

All the stores for the expedition were put down on the table-cloth, and the corners tied up. Then it was more than even Oswald's muscley arms could raise from the ground—so we decided not to take it; but only the best selected grub; the rest we hid in the straw-loft, for there are many ups and downs in life, and grub is grub at any time. The pickled onions we had to leave.

Then Dora and Daisy came along with their arms round each other's necks, like a picture on a grocer's almanac, and said they weren't coming.

It was, as I have said, a blazing hot day, and there were differences of opinion among the explorers about what etables we ought to have taken, and H. O. had lost one of his garters, and wouldn't let Alice tie it up with her handkerchief, which the kind sister was quite willing to do. So it was a rather gloomy expedition that set off that bright sunny day to seek the source of the river where Cleopatra sailed in Shakspeare (or the frozen plains Mr. Nansen wrote that big book about).

But the balmy calm of peaceful Nature soon made the others less cross. Oswald had not been cross exactly, but only disinclined to do anything the others wanted, and by the time we had followed the stream a little way, and had seen a water-rat and shied a stone or two at him, harmony was restored. We did not hit the rat.

You will understand that we were not the sort of people to have lived so long near a stream without plumbing its depths. And of course we had often paddled in it.

But now our hearts were set on exploring.

At least they ought to have been; but when we got to the place where the stream goes under a wooden sheep-bridge, Dickie cried, "A camp! a camp!" And we were all glad to sit down at once. Not at all like real explorers, who know no rest, day or night, till they have got there (whether it's the North Pole or the central point of the part marked Desert of Sahara on old-fashioned maps).

The food-supplies obtained by various members were good, and plenty of it. Cake, ham, eggs, sausage-rolls, currants, raisins, and cold apple dumplings. It was all very decent; but Oswald could not help feeling that the source of the Nile (or North Pole) was a long way off, and perhaps nothing when you got there.

So he was not wholly displeased when Denny said, as he lay kicking into the bank when the things to eat were all gone—

"This is clay. Did you ever make huge platters and bowls out of clay, and dry them in the sun? Some people did in a book called 'Foul Play,' and I believe they baked turtles or oysters or something at the same time."

He took up a bit of clay and began to mess it about, like you do putty when you get hold of a bit. And at once the heavy gloom that had hung over the explorers became expelled, and we all got under the shadow of the bridge and messed about with clay.

"It will be jolly," Alice said, "and we can give the huge platters to poor cottagers who are short of the usual sorts of crockery. That would really be a very golden deed."

It is harder than you would think when you read about it, to make huge platters with clay. It flops about as soon as you get it any size, and when you turn up the edges they crack. Yet we did not mind the trouble. And we had all got our shoes and stockings off. It is impossible to go on being cross when your feet are in cold water, and there is something in the smooth messiness of clay, and not minding how dirty you get, that would soothe the savagest breast that ever beat.

After a bit, though, we gave up the idea of the huge platter, and tried little things. We made some platters that were like flower-pot saucers, and Alice made a bowl—by doubling up her fists and getting Noël to slab the clay on outside. Then they smoothed the thing inside and out with wet fingers, and it was a bowl. At least, they said so. When we'd made a lot of things, we set them in the sun to dry, and then it seemed a pity not to do the thing thoroughly. So we made a bonfire, and when it had burnt down we put our pots on the soft white-hot ashes among the little red sparks, and kicked the ashes over them and heaped more fuel over the top. It was a fine fire.

Then tea-time seemed as if it ought to be near, and we decided to come back next day and get our pots.

As we went home across the fields Dickie looked back, and said—

"The bonfire's going pretty strong."

We looked. It was. Great flames were rising to heaven against the evening sky. And we had left it a smouldering flat heap.

"The clay must have caught alight," H. O. said; "perhaps it's the kind that burns. I know I've heard of fire-clay. And there's another sort you can eat."

"Oh, shut up!" Dickie said, with anxious scorn.

With one accord we turned back. We all felt the feeling: the one that means something fatal being up—and it being your fault.

"Perhaps," Alice said, "a young lady in a muslin dress was passing by, and a spark flew on to her, and now she is rolling in agony enveloped in flames."

We could not see the fire now because of the corner of the wood, but we hoped Alice was mistaken.

But when we got in sight of the scene of our pottering industry we saw it was as bad nearly as Alice's wild dream.

For the wooden fence leading up to the bridge had caught fire, and it was burning like billyoh.

Oswald started to run; so did the others. As he ran he said to himself—

"This is no time to think about your clothes. Oswald, be bold!"

And he was.

Arrived at the site of the conflagration, he saw that caps or straw hats full of water, however quickly and perseveringly given, would never put the bridge out, and his eventual past life made him know exactly the sort of wiggling you get for an accident like this.

So he said: "Dickie, soak your jacket and mine in the stream, and chuck them along. Alice, stand clear: your silly clothes'll catch as sure as fate."

Dickie and Oswald tore off their jackets; so did Denny, but we would not let him and H. O. wet theirs. Then the brave Oswald advanced warily to the end of the burning rails, and put his wet jacket over the end bit—like a lined poultice on the throat of a suffering invalid who has got bronchitis. The burning wood hissed and smouldered, and Oswald fell back, almost choked with the hot smoke. But at once he caught up the other wet jacket and put it on another place. And, of course, it did the trick, as he had known it would do. But it was a long job, and the smoke in his eyes made the young hero obliged to let Dickie and Denny take a turn, as they had bothered to do from the first. At last all was safe: the devouring element was conquered. We covered up the beastly bonfire with clay to keep it from getting into mischief again, and then Alice said—

"Now we must go and tell."

"Of course," Oswald said shortly. He had meant to tell all the time.

So we went to the farmer at once, because if you have any news like that to tell it only makes it worse if you wait about. When we had told him, he said—

"You little—! I shall not say what he said besides that, because I am sure he must have been sorry for it next Sunday, when he went to church, if not before."

We did not take any notice of what he said, but just kept on saying how sorry we were; and he did not take an apology like a man, but only said he daresayed—just like a woman does.

Then he went to look at his bridge, and we went in to our tea. The jackets were never quite the same again.

Really great explorers would never be discouraged by the daresaying of a farmer, still less by his calling them names he ought not to; and Albert's uncle was away, so we got no double slating; and next day we started again to discover the source of the river cataracts (or the region of mountain-like icebergs).

We set out heavily provisioned with a large cake Daisy and Dora had made themselves, and six bottles of ginger-beer. I think real explorers most likely have their ginger-beer in something lighter to carry than stone bottles; perhaps they have it by the cask, which would come cheaper, and you could carry it on your back, like in pictures of the Daughters of Regiments.

We passed the scene of the devouring element, and the thought of the fire made us so thirsty we decided to drink the ginger-beer and leave the bottles in a place of concealment. Then we went on, determined to reach our destination, Tropic or Polar, that day.

Denny and H. O. wanted to stop and try to make a fashionable watering-place at that part where the stream spreads out like a small-sized sea, but Noël said, "No, we did not like fashionableness."

"You ought to, at any rate," Denny said; "a Mr. Collins wrote an Ode to the Fashions, and he was a great poet."

"The poet Milton wrote a long book about Satan," Noël said, "but I'm not bound to like him." I think it was smart of Noël.

"People aren't obliged to like everything they write about even, let alone read," Alice said. "Look at 'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King,' and all the pieces of poetry about war and tyrants, and slaughtered saints and the one you made yourself about the blackbeetle, Noël."

By this time we had got by the pondy place, and the danger of delay was passed, but the others went on talking about poetry for quite a field and a half as we walked along by the banks of the stream. The stream was broad and shallow at this part, and you could see the stones and gravel at the bottom, and millions of baby fishes, and a sort of skating spiders walking about on the top of the water. Denny said the water must be ice, or they could not have walked on it, and this showed we were getting near the North Pole. But Oswald had seen a kingfisher by the wood, and he said it was an ibis—so this was even.

When Oswald had had as much poetry as he could bear, he said—

"Let's be beavers, and make a dam."

And everybody was tired and hot, so they agreed joyously; and soon our clothes were tucked up as far as they would go, and our legs looked green through the water, though they were pink out of it.

Making a dam is jolly good fun, though laborious, as books about beavers take care to let you know.

Dickie said it must be Canada, if we were beavers, and so it was on the way to the Polar system; but Oswald pointed to his heated brow, and Dickie owned it was warm for Polar regions. He had brought the ice-axe (it is called the wood-chopper sometimes), and Oswald—ever ready and able to command—set him and Denny to cut turfs from the bank while we heaped stones across the stream. It was clayey here, or of course dam-making would have been vain, even for the best-trained beaver.

When we had made a ridge of stones, we laid turfs against them—nearly across the stream, leaving about two feet for the water to go through. Then more stones, and more lumps of clay, stamped down as hard as we could. The industrious beavers spent hours over it, with only one easy to eat cake in. And at last the dam rose to the level of the bank. Then the beavers collected a great heap of clay, and four of them lifted it and dumped it down in the opening where the water was running. It did splash a little, but a true-hearted beaver knows better than to mind a bit of a wetting, as Oswald told Alice at the time. Then with more clay the work was completed. We must have used tons of clay. There was quite a big, long hole in the bank above the dam where we had taken it out.

When our beaver task was performed we went on, and Dickie was so hot he had to take his jacket off and shut up about icebergs.

I cannot tell you about all the windings of the stream—it went through fields and woods and meadows, and at last the banks got steeper and higher, and the trees overhead darkly arched their mysterious branches—and we felt like the princes in a fairy tale who go out to seek their fortunes.

And then we saw a thing that was well worth coming all that way for: the stream suddenly disappeared under a dark stone archway, and however much you stood in the water and stuck your head down between your knees you could not see any light at the other end.

The stream was much smaller than where we had been beavers.

Gentle reader, you will guess in a moment who it was that said—

"Alice, you've got a candle. Let's explore."

This gallant proposal met but a cold response.

The others said they didn't care about it, and what about tea?

I often think the way people try to hide their cowardliness behind their teas is simply beastly.

Oswald took no notice. He just said, with that dignified manner, not at all like sulking, which he knows so well how to put on—

"All right. I'm going. If you funk it, you'd better cut along home and ask your nurse to put you to bed."

So then, of course, they agreed to go. Oswald went first with the candle. It was not comfortable. The architect of that dark subterranean passage had not imagined anyone would ever be brave enough to lead a band of beavers into its inky recesses, or he would have built it high enough to stand upright in. As it was, we were bent almost at a right angle, and this is very awkward, if for long.

But the leader pressed dauntlessly on, and paid no attention to the groans of his faithful followers, nor to what they said about their backs.

It really was a very long tunnel, though, and even Oswald was not sorry to say, "I see daylight!" The followers cheered as well as they could as they splashed after him. The floor was stone as well as the roof, so it was easy to walk on. I think the followers would have turned back if it had been sharp stones or gravel.

And now the spot of daylight at the end of the tunnel grew larger and larger, and presently the intrepid leader found himself blinking in the sun, and the candle he carried looked simply silly. He emerged, and the others too, and they stretched their backs, and the word "Crikey!" fell from more than one lip. It had indeed been a cramping adventure. Bushes grew close to the mouth of the tunnel, so we could not see much landscape, and when we had stretched our backs, we went on up-stream, and nobody said they'd had jolly well enough of it, though in more than one young head this was thought.

It was jolly to be in the sunshine again. I never knew before how cold it was underground. The stream was getting smaller and smaller.

Dickie said: "This can't be the way. I expect there was a turning to the North Pole inside the tunnel, only we missed it. It was cold enough there."

But here a turn in the stream brought us out from the bushes, and Oswald said—

"Here is strange wild tropical vegetation in the richest profusion. Such blossoms as these never opened in a frigid what's its name."

It was indeed true. We had come into a sort of marshy, swampy place, like I think a jungle is, that the stream ran through, and it was simply crammed with queer plants, and flowers we never saw before or since. And the stream was quite thin. It was torridly hot, and softish to walk on. There were rushes and reeds and small willows, and it was all tangled over with different sorts of grasses, and pools here and there. We saw no wild beasts, but there were more different kinds of strange flies and beetles than you would believe anybody could bear; and dragon-flies and gnats. The girls picked a lot of flowers. I know the names of many of them, but I will not tell you them because this is not meant to be instructing, so I will only name meadowsweet, yarrow, loosestrife, lady's bed-straw, and willow herb—both the larger and the lesser.

Everyone now wished to go home. It was much hotter there than in natural fields. It made you want to tear all your clothes off and play at savages—instead of keeping respectable in your boots.

But we had to bear the boots because it was so brambly. It was Oswald who showed the others how flat it would be to go home the same way we came; and pointed out the telegraph-wires in the distance, and said—

"There must be a road there—let's make for it!"—which was quite a simple and ordinary thing to say, and he does not ask for any credit for it.

So we sloshed along, scratching our legs with the brambles, and the water squelched in our boots—and Alice's muslin frock was torn all over in those criss-cross tears which are considered so hard to darn.

We did not follow the stream any more. It was a trickle now, so we knew we had tracked it to its source, and we got hotter and hotter and hotter, and the dews of agony stood in beads on our brows and rolled down our noses and off our chins. And the flies buzzed, and the gnats stung, and Oswald bravely sought to keep up Dickie's courage, when he tripped on a snag and came down on a bramble-bush, by saying—

"You see if it is the source of the Nile we've discovered. What price North Poles now?"

Alice said: "Ah, but think of ices! I expect Oswald wishes it had been the Pole, anyway."

Oswald is naturally the leader, especially when following up what is his own idea, but he knows that leaders have other duties besides just leading. One is to assist weak or wounded members of the expedition, whether Polar or Equatorial.

So the others had got a bit ahead through Oswald's leading the tottering Denny a hand over the rough places. Denny's feet hurt him, because when he was a beaver his stockings had dropped out of his pocket, and boots without stockings are not a bed of luxuriousness.

Presently we came to a pond, and Denny said—

"Let's paddle."

Oswald likes Denny to have ideas; he knows it is healthy for the boy, and generally he backs him up, but just now it was getting late, and the others were ahead, so he said—

"Oh, rot! Come on."

Generally the Dentist would have, but even worms will turn if they are hot enough, and if their feet are hurting.

"I don't care; I shall," he said.

Oswald overlooked the mutiny, and did not say who was leader. He just said—

"Well, don't be all day about it," for he is a kind-hearted boy, and can make allowances.

So Denny took off his boots and went into the pool.

"Oh—it's ripping," he said; "you ought to come in."

"It looks beastly muddy," said his tolerating leader.

"It is a bit," Denny said, "but the mud's just as cool as the water, and so soft—quite different to boots."

And so he splashed about, and kept asking Oswald to come along in.

But some unseen influence prevented Oswald doing

knew in a moment what the black dreadfuls were. He had read about them in a book called "Magnet Stories," where there was a girl called Theodosia, and she could play "brilliant trebles" in duets; but the other girl knew all about leeches, which is more useful and golden deeds. Oswald tried to pull the leeches off, but they wouldn't, and Denny howled so he had to stop trying. He remembered from the "Magnet Stories" how to make the leeches begin biting. The girl did it with cream. But he could not remember how to stop them. And they had not wanted any showing how to begin.

"Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do? Oh, it does hurt! Oh, oh!" Denny observed. And Oswald said—

"Be a man! Buck up! If you won't let me take them off, you'll just have to walk home in them."

At this thought the unfortunate youth's tears fell fast. But Oswald gave him an arm, and carried his boots for him, and he consented to buck up, and the two struggled on towards the others, who were coming back, attracted by Denny's yells. He did not stop howling for a moment, except to breathe. No one ought to blame him till they have had eleven leeches on their right leg and six on their left, making seventeen in all, as Dickie said at once.

It was lucky he did yell, as it turned out, because a man on the road where the telegraph-wires were, was

bandages on the sofa, and we were all having tea, with raspberries and white currants, which we richly needed after our torrid adventures, when Mrs. Pettigrew, the housekeeper, put her head in at the door, and said—

"Please could I speak to you half a moment, Sir?" to Albert's uncle. And her voice was the kind that makes you look at each other when the grown-up has gone out, and you are silent, with your bread-and-butter half-way to the next bite—or your tea-cup in mid-flight to your lips.

It was as we supposed. "Albert's uncle did not come back for a long while. We did not keep the bread-and-butter on the wing all that time, of course, and we thought we might as well finish the raspberries and white currants. We kept some for Albert's uncle, of course, and they were the best ones, too; but when he came back he did not notice our thoughtful unselfishness."

He came in—and his face wore the look that means bed, and very likely no supper.

He spoke; and it was the calmness of white-hot iron, which is something like the calmness of despair. He said—

"You have done it again. What on earth possessed you to make a dam?"

"We were beavers," said H.O. in proud tones. He did not see, as we did, where Albert's uncle's tone pointed to.

"No doubt," said Albert's uncle, rubbing his hands



Four of them lifted it, and dumped it down in the opening where the water was running.

this: or it may have been because both his boot-laces were in hard knots.

Oswald had cause to bless the unseen influence, or the boot-laces, or whatever it was.

Denny had got to the middle of the pool, and he was splashing about and getting his clothes very wet indeed, and altogether you would have thought his was a most envious and happy state. But alas! the brightest cloud has a waterproof lining. He was just saying—

"You are a silly, Oswald; you'd much better—" when he gave a blood-piercing scream and began to kick about.

"What's up?" cried the ready Oswald. He feared the worst from the way Denny screamed, but he knew it could not be an old meal-tin in this quiet and jungular spot, like it was in the moat when the crocodile bit Dora.

"I don't know! it's biting me. Oh, it's biting me all over my legs! Oh, what shall I do! Oh, it does hurt! Oh! Oh! Oh!" remarked Denny, among his screams, and he splashed towards the bank. Oswald went into the water and caught hold of him and helped him out. It is true that Oswald had his boots on, but I trust he would not have funk the unknown terrors of the deep, even without his boots. I am almost sure he would not have.

When Denny had scrambled and been hauled ashore, we saw with horror and amaze that his legs were stuck all over with large black slug-looking things. Denny turned green in the face, and even Oswald felt a bit queer, for he

interested by his howls, and came across the marsh to us as hard as he could.

When he saw Denny's legs he said—

"Blest if I didn't think so!" And he picked Denny up and carried him under one arm, where Denny went on saying, "Oh!" and "It does hurt" as hard as ever.

Our rescuer, who proved to be a fine big young man in the bloom of youth, and a farm labourer by trade, in corduroys, carried the wretched sufferer to the cottage where he lived with his aged mother, and then Oswald found that what he had forgotten about the leeches was salt. The young man in the bloom of youth's mother put salt on the leeches, and they quirmed off and fell with sickening slug-like flops on the brick floor.

Then the young man in corduroys and the bloom, etc., carried Denny home on his back after his legs had been bandaged up, so that he looked like "Wounded Warriors Returning."

It was not far by the road, though such a long distance by the way the young explorers had come.

He was a good young man, and though, of course, acts of goodness are their own reward, still I was glad he had the two half-crowns Albert's uncle gave him as well as his own good act.

Perhaps you will think this was the end of the source of the Nile (or North Pole). If you do, it only shows how mistaken the gentlest reader may be.

The wounded explorer was lying with his wounds and

through his hair. "No doubt—no doubt! Well, my beavers, you may go and build dams with your bolsters. Your dam stopped the stream; the clay you took for it left a channel through which it has run down and ruined about seven pounds' worth of freshly reaped barley. Luckily the farmer found it out in time, or you might have spoiled seventy pounds' worth. And you burned a bridge yesterday."

We said we were sorry. There was nothing else to say. Only Alice added: "We didn't mean to be naughty."

"Of course not," said Albert's uncle; "you never do. Oh, yes—I'll kiss you. But it's bed, and it's two hundred lines to-morrow, and the line is—"

"Beware of Being Beavers and Burning Bridges. Dread Dams." It will be a capital exercise in capital B's and D's."

We knew by that that, though annoyed, he was not furious, and we went to bed.

I got jolly sick of capital B's and D's before sunset on the morrow.

That night just as the others were falling asleep, Oswald said—

"I say—"

"Well," retorted his brother.

"There is one thing about it," Oswald went on, "it does show it was a rattling good dam, anyhow."

And filled with this agreeable thought the weary beavers (or explorers, Polar or otherwise) fell asleep.

THE END.

WITH THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA.



Little Fort.

Great Fort.

THE FARTHEST BRITISH OUTPOST NORTH-WEST OF FÉNG-TAI: PATHANS BRINGING IN CHINESE COOLIES TO WORK.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MR. JOHN SCHÖNBERG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHINA.

The Little Fort is garrisoned by thirty Pathans and the Indian Railway Section; the Great Fort is garrisoned by some 200 men—Indian troopers, Sikhs, Baluchis, and 20th Bengal Lancers, under Captains Stockley and Seady.

S C E N E S I N C H I N A.



EVENING AT THE MOUTH OF THE PEI-HO RIVER, THE TAKU FORTS IN THE DISTANCE.

Sketch (Facsimile) by Mr. John Schiberg, our Special Artist in China.

The mouth of the Pei-ho River is still a centre of interest, and our Special Artist sends us the sketch of an evening effect within sight of the first links of a chain of fortifications which stretches about ten miles inland. More varied and ominous by far are the views of Hong-Kong, taken just after the terrible typhoon of early November. It came suddenly, and it made a night attack. The next morning all was calm at eight o'clock, but the storm had left its traces in a scene of general wreckage. Trees were uprooted, roofs blown off, and strong iron telephone-posts, as well as lamp-posts,

were bent at all angles and contorted into all sorts of grotesque shapes. On water, as on land, great mischief was done, for the powerful dredger *City of Canton* turned turtle, and H.M. gun-boat *Sandpiper* foundered, though not till the officers and men on board had been rescued by the torpedo-destroyer *Otter*. Scores of sampans, or small native boats, were smashed literally to matchwood. At the coal depôt a police sergeant, trying to board one of the battered junks, missed his footing and was drowned. The natives suffered heavily. At the Governor's residence eight coolies were killed; and the mat sheds, strongly built

of bamboo and matting, which serve many of the natives as dwelling-places, were so much smoke before the wind. Naturally a good deal of concern was felt for the incoming English mail steamer, for the telegraph wires by which the sighting of her should have been announced were broken. Excursionists to Canton and Macao had to give up their day steamers. The population behaved admirably throughout, and Captain Scott, of the *City of Canton* (which had lately cost £40,000), has nothing but praise for the conduct and bearing of the Chinese on board.



WRECKED JUNKS AND SAMPANS, KOWLOON.



WRECKED PIER, VICTORIA.



HOUSES IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION WRECKED AT KOWLOON.



WRECKED LAUNCH, JUNKS, AND SAMPANS, KOWLOON.

THE TYPHOON IN HONG-KONG.

Photographs by Surgeon F. J. A. Beringer, China Expeditionary Force.

WITH THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA.



GENERAL VON WALDERSEE, ATTENDED BY THE GENERALS OF THE ALLIED POWERS, ENTERING PEKING BY THE WATERMAN GATE ON OCTOBER 17.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MR. JOHN SCHÜNBURG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHINA.

The portraits (from left to right) are: General Chaffee (U.S.A.), General Barron (British), General Sambuchi (Austrian), General Hopfner (German), General Gaseles (British), General Count von Walderssee (commanding the Allies), and General Buerakoff (Russian).



Holland Tringham
1900

CHRISTMAS AT THE LYCH-GATE.

Drawn by Holland Tringham.



THE NORTH V. SOUTH FOOTBALL MATCH AT BRISTOL ON DECEMBER 15.

The game resulted in a victory for the South by two goals and three tries to two tries.

THE QUEEN AT THE IRISH EXHIBITION.

The Queen, who was accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Duchess of York, visited on Wednesday, last week, the Irish Exhibition at the Windsor Guildhall. Not for many years has her Majesty made an occasion of the kind memorable by her presence; and when she signified to the Countess of Arran her intention to come, the kindly intimation was at once interpreted as a new mark of the Sovereign's interest in the welfare of her Irish subjects. The influential band of ladies who organised the bazaar and presided over the stalls may well have felt rewarded for their happy thought in fixing on Windsor as the place of this year's sale of their Irish Industries, and rewarded, too, for the enterprise which carried it out. With a royal Princess for the opening and the honour of the Queen's visit, there was the natural sequel of a large attendance, a brisk sale, and a substantial sum of money in the tills of the unwearied stall-keepers. The Earl of Arran conducted the Queen round the various booths, the first visited being that of the Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund, presided over by Mrs. Lecky. From Lady Mayo's stall of Irish needlework the Queen was able to view, for the first time, the large portraits of herself and of the Prince Consort hung in the Council Chamber. At the Duchess of Abercorn's stall, muslin made by Donegal peasants was duly admired, and Miss Mahaffy's Dublin Industry stall was the last visited. Other ladies taking part in the



BUSHEY HOUSE, TO WHICH THE NEW PHYSICAL SCIENCE LABORATORY IS TO BE REMOVED.



THE QUEEN VISITING THE EXHIBITION OF IRISH INDUSTRIES AT WINDSOR GUILDHALL ON DECEMBER 12.

country gentleman, and the Duc de Nemours was its tenant for many years. Bushey Heath stands high, and has a fine view, inclusive of the towers or chimneys of Westminster Abbey, Hampton Court, and Windsor Castle on the south, while on the north St. Albans Abbey is plainly visible. The place has a very old history; for it is down in the Domesday survey as Bissei, and was granted by the Conqueror to one of his retainers. In the reign of King John it reverted to the Crown.

FOREIGN OFFICERS WITH THE BOERS.

Too much stress, perhaps, was laid on the number of foreign mercenaries in the South African field at the beginning of the war, but nobody denies that the Boers have had for allies a very considerable number of adventurous mercenaries, drawn from various countries, some perhaps for what they could get, others with a half grudge against ourselves, and a few with a pure love of adventure, tinged, perhaps, with that romantic sympathy which takes certain natures into touch with lost causes and weaker sides. A group of men, animated by these and other motives, is to be seen in one of our illustrations. It is reproduced from a photograph of them taken on their arrival at Trieste on board the *Styria*. These wandering soldiers of fortune, who mostly belong to Italy and France, even when they are classed as serving with the Hungarian legion, include a nephew of Pope Leo XIII., Lieutenant Count Pecci, not the first of his family to seek a roving life far away from the narrow bounds of the family home of the Peccis in Carpineto. From North Italy, which has always been possessed by the spirit of adventure, comes Colonel Camillo Ricchiardi di Alba; and a Sicilian is Major Joseph di Termini Imerece. Lieutenant Simon, of the Hungarian squadron, Baron von Goldek, his commanding officer, Captain Max Schill, chief of the engineers section, and Comte Villeneuve de Colette, commanding the Dutch squadron, complete the motley group.

reception of the Queen were the Countess of Lucan, Viscountess Castlerosse, Lady Dunboyne, Mrs. Vere O'Brien, Mrs. Adair, the Marchioness of Hamilton, Lady Maria Ponsonby, and Lady Bingham. In attendance on her Majesty were the Dowager Lady Southampton, the Hon. Mrs. Grant, Colonel the Hon. W. Carington, and Colonel Davidson. The Queen stayed for about an hour in the exhibition. Before leaving, her Majesty said to the Mayor of Windsor: "It is a very interesting exhibition, and you have a beautiful room here."

In the afternoon Princess Henry of Battenberg, accompanied by her daughter, Princess Victoria Eugénie, returned to the exhibition which she had opened. To her Royal Highness Lord Arran made a suitable little speech on behalf of all the other workers in a cause she had done so much to help. While thanking the Princess, and assuring her that she could gain from the work on view a very good idea of the industries carried on all over "the most distressful country," he also begged her to convey to the Queen their deep gratitude to her for the honour she had done to Ireland by her visit to the exhibition. "It was by such touching little acts," said Lord Arran, "that she showed not only her greatness as a Queen, but her kindness as a woman." On the following day the Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Duke of York and Princess Victoria of Wales, visited the exhibition and made several purchases.

BUSHEY HOUSE.

London is rapidly becoming a city of tremors, what with its underground railways, its tubes, and its trams. In the midst of all these commotions, present and to come, Kew Observatory has its alarms lest derangements of its instruments should be caused by the current ready to be turned to the traffic purposes of the London United Tramways Company. It is the electric tram that is to speed the National Physical Science Laboratory to the new home just granted to it by the Queen at Bushey House. That is one of Middlesex's most historic mansions. A square red-brick building, it was built by Lord Halifax in the reign of George II., and it looks out on to the famous chestnut avenue, dear to Londoners out for a day. King William IV. lived there for a generation, in his favourite rôle of

Count Pecci
(Nephew of the Pope).Colonel Camillo Ricchiardi di Alba
(Piedmont).Captain Max Schill,
Commanding the Engineers Section.Comte Villeneuve de la Colette,
Commanding the Dutch Squadron.Major Joseph di Termini Imerece
(Sicily).Baron von Goldek,
Commanding the Hungarian Squadron.Lieutenant Simon,
of the Hungarian Squadron.

OFFICERS OF THE FOREIGN LEGION AT TRIESTE, ON THEIR RETURN FROM SERVICE WITH THE BOERS.

Photograph by Zanetti.

THE EXCAVATIONS AT BOSCO REALE.

Drawn by M. Amato at the Scene of the Excavations.

THE VILLA PASANELLA TERRA-COTTA VASES, USED FOR HOLDING GRAIN.



THE VILLA PASANELLA: WELL IN WHICH WAS DISCOVERED THE TREASURE PURCHASED BY BARON ROTHSCHILD AND PRESENTED TO THE LOUVRE.

Bosco Reale is at the foot of Vesuvius, near Pompeii. One goes by carriage to Torre Annunziata; but the actual scene of the discoveries is a little distance off, in the country, and the roads leading to the spot are almost impracticable. Everyone knows the story of Bosco Reale: that some of the very rare objects were sold to Rothschild and given by him to the Louvre in Paris. It was in consequence of this that a law was passed in Italy that antiquities found during private excavations must not be sold abroad. The proprietor of the Villa Pasanella, in Bosco Reale, is the Deputy di Prisco. He commenced the excavation under his own villa, but now he is excavating in a piece of ground not far from his house. He is paying all the expenses of the work, and whatever is found will be divided between him and the proprietor of the ground. The lucky

searchers have discovered a Roman house, and the archaeologists of the Naples Museum are now preparing an account of it for the Ministry; hence, difficulty in getting down into the excavations or obtaining photographs of the beautiful and very interesting frescoes which have been discovered. The state of preservation is superb, but what is even more astonishing is the style of picture, which has not been found in Pompeii before. The drawings are of houses with several storeys and views in perspective, which show that they had very good artists, although the rules of perspective leave something to be desired. I cannot (writes our Artist) reveal the means by which I succeeded in procuring pictures of the mural paintings, and I regret not having been able to photograph one with

very interesting figures. I saw one representing a gladiator listening to a woman playing the tibia, while a little Cupid is standing behind her with his head stretched forward in a listening attitude.

The house which has just been discovered must have been a house for sale. This is deduced from the inscriptions on the columns. It was very large, and I give in my drawing a sufficient idea of the most interesting side, where the frescoes have been discovered. The excavations, however, are still going on, and there may yet be many surprises. The Government has a custodian always on the spot, so that nothing may be removed.

My drawing of the fresco shows a curtain which was used to cover up the painting when it was still in its place. This falling drapery, therefore, is not part of the wall.—G. A.



ROMAN VILLA DISCOVERED IN THE VILLA PRISCO IN BOSCO REALE, NEAR VESUVIUS.

THE EXCAVATIONS AT BOSCO REALE.

Drawn by M. Amato at the Scene of the Excavations.



ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MURAL PAINTINGS DISCOVERED DURING THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS.



ERNEST SHERIE 1900.

SHOWING HIS HAND.

Drawn by Ernest Sherie.



THE PLEASURE OF THE PUDDING IS THE STIRRING OF IT.

Drawn by Hal Hart.



A PARADISE OF SANTA CLAUS.

Drawn by J. Beer.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Great Boer War. By A. Conan Doyle. (London: Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d.)
Food and the Principles of Dietetics. By Robert Hutchison, M.D., M.R.C.P., etc., with Plates and Diagrams. (London: Edward Arnold, 10s. net.)
In the Palace of the King. By F. Marion Crawford. (London: Macmillan.)
The Hosts of the Lord. By Flora Anne Steel. (London: Heinemann, 6s.)

It is to be regretted that a competent writer like Dr. Doyle cannot announce his intention of producing a book and obtain an injunction against possible rivals. As it is, those who would record current events have to rush into print before the events have finished happening, so to say, lest a fickle public, having read about them elsewhere, should reject a belated book. The occupation of Komati Poort closes Dr. Doyle's book, but it did not end the war in the Transvaal. Viewing the book, therefore, as a hasty and incomplete survey of the war, we must pronounce it remarkably successful. We all read the papers early this year with more eagerness than most of us ever devoted to the study of history, and yet how hopelessly we should be ploughed were we examined in, say, the campaign in the border districts of Cape Colony preceding the capitulation of Cronje? Dr. Doyle connects the various threads with great skill, and we rise from the book feeling that for the first time we know the true meaning of the various isolated engagements. It need hardly be said that he writes in a most spirited manner of the more romantic episodes of the war. Further—and this is by no means a matter of course—he writes as a civilian who does not profess profound knowledge of technical military subjects. What criticism on the actual engagements he permits himself would probably be endorsed by competent military opinion. There is a little sentimentality and a little picturesque journalese. Also, very many of the things we all wish to know are (very rightly) left untold. Thus it would be vain to predict for this book any very great permanent value, but as a corrective to the outpourings of the various war-correspondents, it should be read by everyone. And the more the difficulties of Dr. Doyle's task are considered, the more remarkable his success will appear. It is a pity that he has allowed himself to reveal his limitations by the essay in which he deals with the lessons of the war.

Dr. Hutchison's "Food and the Principles of Dietetics" is an excellent manual, dealing with an all-important topic. The classic works of King Chambers, Smith, and Pavy are still read, but Dr. Hutchison has brought the subject of foods and feeding well up to date, and this is saying much in days when a vast amount of research is undertaken into the values of diets and into the treatment of disease by dietetic methods. The work will interest others besides medical men. The general reader, armed with a little physiological teaching, will be able to comprehend perfectly what Dr. Hutchison has to say regarding the manner in which our foods are utilised in the multifarious processes whereof our vitality and health represent the sum total. He writes in an interesting fashion, and his teaching is sound and scientific in character. On such disputed points, for example, as the value, place, and power of alcohol there is much said in his pages that is of the highest importance; while the sections on feeding in relation to our ailments, and on the diet of children, will be found of value by medical readers desirous of keeping their knowledge abreast of the times. The highest praise to be given to Dr. Hutchison's book is that it is a worthy successor to the volumes already mentioned.

Mr. Marion Crawford's new novel, as its sub-title tells us, is a love-story of old Madrid, and its action, which is confined within a round of the clock, takes place in the palace of Philip II. The hero is Don John of Austria, the King's half-brother, just returned from the re-conquest of Granada from the Moors, and the heroine is Dolores Mendoza, whose father is Captain of the King's bodyguard. Philip is jealous of his brother's popularity, Mendoza for his daughter's honour; the heroine has a blind and loyal sister, who, like herself, is in love with the hero; and the Court is netted with intrigues that embrace all the leading characters. From these conditions of the imbroglio the expert novel-reader will gather that "In the Palace of the King" is a story of incident rather than of character, and he will be right. There is some elaboration of portraiture, indeed, in the case of Philip, but otherwise the characters are the excellent but familiar figures of historical romance. The story, it is almost needless to say, is a spirited story, told with more than the customary craft. We follow the fortunes of Dolores on this fateful night with the eagerness which so expert a novelist as Mr. Crawford knows well how to excite. But our interest is the interest merely in the unravelling of plot; the separate incidents do not take hold of us, nor is the effect of the whole to convince and to move us. This is not the story we welcome most heartily from the pen that gave us "A Roman Singer" or "Mr. Isaacs."

The present writer is possibly in a unique position as a reviewer of "The Hosts of the Lord," inasmuch as he has not read any of Mrs. Steel's other works. He is under no temptation, therefore, to institute comparison, odious or otherwise, between it and, say, "On the Face of the Waters." Judged by itself, it is a clever, spirited story of India, discovering for us, by

a curious blend of artificiality and realism, the gulf lying between East and West. It is an unequal story; indeed, it is not until the outbreak of rebellion in Eshwara that the higher level of narrative is reached; and probably the sense of disappointment at its lack of distinction, to which we must confess, is due to the impression left upon us by the many commonplace passages. There are several love-stories woven in the plot, and an extensive *dramatis personæ*, all cleverly manipulated. Mrs. Steel has observation, sometimes insight, a strong sense of figure, and a vivid pen. We think that her sentiment is frequently at fault, and that she risks much by such a chapter as, say, that entitled, "Oh, dem Golden Shippers." But "The Pool of Immortality" is impressive, and the description of the death of Laila and the siege in the goal is very capably done; and throughout she handles her material with the expertness of a thoroughly practised novelist. Indeed, our fear would be that in her story-telling she might come to be governed unduly by her craftsmanship.

SOME CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

Time was when books for young people were few and far between. From the classics of the nursery—"Strawwelpeter," the "Trotty Book," or "Water-Babies"—we passed at a stride to such standard works as were obtainable; we made covert descents upon the libraries of the

A nice, dramatic villain is essential to the working of a really thrilling romance, but when you have got him it is sometimes not so easy to dispose of him. The villain of *A Sister of the Red Cross* (Nelson, 8s. 6d.) is by no means backward in villainy; but Mrs. Meade wisely transports him to Ladysmith with the rest of her *dramatis personæ*, and his fate is assured. Charming Nurse Mollie, in cap and apron, is the heroine, but it is long before the course of true love runs smoothly for her: her sister Kitty bars the way. We sincerely hope that in real life there are few people to be met with who for downright disagreeableness could rival this sister Kitty. Weak, vain, and unreasonably jealous, she would stick at nothing to gain her ends—not even at barefaced theft. However, in the end, virtue is triumphant, and Mollie gets her due.

The French Revolution has been the background of the novelist not once but many times, yet, in spite of this undoubted drawback, Miss E. F. Pollard contrives, in the pages of *My Lady Marcia* (Nelson, 5s.) to present it with freshness and vigour, and her volume is well worth reading. The adventures of the beautiful English girl who is cast for the rôle of heroine are dramatically set forth, and the picture of the unhappy Marie Antoinette is very touching. Two or three historical characters are necessarily introduced, but the writer has sufficient skill to make them move naturally among the creatures of her imagination.

The handsome volume entitled *Fifty-Two Stirring Stories for Girls* (Hutchinson, 5s.) is the thirtieth of its kind—a fact which speaks for itself—and the editor, Mr. A. H. Miles, apparently knows what he is about; many writers, more or less well known, are contributors, and there are all sorts of stories for all sorts of girls—just the book for a large family, where diverse tastes have to be consulted.

It would seem that the interest evoked by the appearance of "In His Steps" has not yet died down. Miss Evelyn Everett-Green, in her new novel, *The Master of Fernhurst* (Shaw, 3s. 6d.), constantly refers to it. Without wishing to be censorious, we are afraid that the lengthy moralisings to which we are treated by more than one of her characters are scarcely likely to be either read or remembered by the average English girl; still the book, as a whole, may fairly be called interesting, and most of the young people who promenade through its pages are made happy "for ever after" in the good, old-fashioned way. Two of the heroines save the lives of their future husbands (somehow this savours of monotony), and are rewarded by a proposal on the spot. This book would be suitable for a Sunday-school prize-giving.

Really, Miss Green is indefatigable, as is also Mrs. L. T. Meade. Her *Seven Maids* (Chambers, 6s.) is a story for schoolgirls, and will be read with most interest by girls under sixteen. A country clergyman and his wife, finding themselves in monetary difficulties, determine to improve their position by taking some other girls to be educated together with their only daughter. The daughter, unfortunately, is naturally jealous and reticent, and this book, written in the first person, is the story of her wrongdoing; for she goes from bad to worse, and even stoops to theft and eavesdropping (Mrs. Meade's mind seems to run on theft). In the end her better nature triumphs, and the record of her struggles and temptations is written with spirit. This is a particularly handsome volume, and the illustrations, by Mr. Percy Tarrant, are admirable. From the same publisher's comes *Celia's Conquest* (2s. 6d.), by L. E. Tiddeman, and this also is a story suited to the tastes of the younger girls. It is well and sympathetically written, and betrays the author's intimate acquaintance with children and their ways; it is moral without being dull or mawkish, and is consequently unlikely to beget resentment in the juvenile mind, a contingency which should always be guarded against by those who endeavour to "teach the young idea how to shoot."

Those who have, in past years, read and enjoyed "The Little Panjandrum's Dodo" and "The Wallpug of Why," will doubtless receive Mr. G. M. Farrow's new book, *The Mandarin's Kite* (Skeffingtons, 3s. 6d.), with acclamation. It records the adventures of two little boys—one English, the other Chinese—who pay a compulsory visit to the planets, being conveyed thither hanging on to the tail of the Mandarin's kite. Somehow the record of their travels recalls "Alice Through the Looking-glass," and occasionally the verses are reminiscent of Edward Lear. Still, if originality is not its most prominent characteristic, the book is certainly most diverting; even boys will probably read it with interest, and young and old alike will enjoy Mr. Alan Wright's excellent pictures.

The last book on our list is the one which has pleased us most: it is *Chapel Street Children* (Grant Richards, 5s.), by Miss Edith Farniloe, and the characteristic little drawings which adorn and illumine it are from the same gifted pen. Miss Farniloe knows her subject thoroughly, and she writes about it with so much delicacy and perception that it is a genuine pleasure to read her simple, unpretentious sketches of these children of the poor. We venture to predict that very few people could read them without being touched. Little Aggie and her "bobby," "Our Lily" and the fateful tin of "densed" milk, Ben and the twins, are not likely to be forgotten, while the beautiful story of Sammy's Christmas tea-party should be read by all happier—perhaps we should rather say more fortunate—children at this season of peace and goodwill.

[For a List of Books Received, see page 924.]



"WELL, NUALA," SAID ELIZABETH, "ARE YOU GOING TO HELP US?"

Reproduced from "Three Fair Maids," by permission of Messrs. Blackie and Son, Ltd.

grown-ups, and devoured our prizes privily in the night watches. To-day all that is changed, every age, nay, every phase, of childhood is provided for, and our girls have a literature of their own.

Sumptuously bound and beautifully got-up in every detail, *Three Fair Maids*, by Katherine Tynan (Blackie, 6s.), is sure to be a favourite gift-book. We hasten to add that the story amply justifies its setting, the three charming sisters who seek to repair their fortunes by entertaining paying guests in their beautiful Irish home are excellent company, and their old housekeeper, Nuala, has a shrewd wit, and her quaint sayings give rise to many a smile. It is almost superfluous to say that their venture is successful: not only do they make money, but each of these fair maids is provided with a lover, who is handsome and suitable and sufficiently endowed with this world's goods. There are two or three minor romances, and all end happily. The story is told with so much grace and charm that it makes very pleasant reading.

Girls who earn their own living are naturally much in evidence in these independent days, and we meet with another of them in *The Wooing of Val*, by Miss Evelyn Everett-Green (Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.). Here the heroine is a brilliant young journalist with—as it seems—a career before her; but Love, who laughs at locksmiths, has apparently as little regard for careers, for before a week is out Val is wooed and won—and that by her sworn enemy. The plot is based on a foolish confusion of identity, and is very slight; but the story is readable nevertheless, and girls will like it.



CHRISTMAS IN THE ROADSTEAD: GOOD CHEER ALONGSIDE.

Illustration by J. H. P. (J. H. P. is the artist's signature, likely J. H. P. or J. H. P. H.)



CHRISTMAS ON CRUTCHES: HOME FROM THE WAR.

Drawn by A. Forestier.



CHRISTMAS UNDER ARMS: STILL IN THE FIELD.

Drawn by R. Canton Woodville.

CADBURY'S COCOA



ABSOLUTELY PURE "A Perfect Food."

LADIES' PAGE.

The Queen conferred both honour and aid on the Windsor exhibition of Irish Industries by her personal inspection of the stalls before the formal opening. So much distinction is given to any undertaking by royal patronage that the promoters cannot be too grateful; and, of course, people usually are so, when any one of the royal ladies occupies herself with any work; but the Queen's personal visit to such a charitable show is an unheard-of honour, obviously designed specially to show favour to Ireland. Perhaps it is time to get a bit jealous of Ireland, even! Countess Cadogan truly observed at a recent meeting that it would be an incalculable benefit to the villagers of England if an active society were to undertake to do for them exactly what has been done for the Irish villagers. Lady Cadogan believes that if home industries were similarly introduced and fostered in the English villages, it would go far to check the exodus from the land that is so sad a problem at the present day. Ireland is like the grumbling, troublesome member of the household who is apt to get the easiest chair beside the fire, the tit-bits of the dishes, and indulgence generally, for the sake of peace! Or let us say, rather, that Ireland is showing the way by which the position of the small village peasantry of the rest of the kingdom may be improved, and the disadvantages, both in regard to interest and money-making, of rural life lessened.

The Queen saw a variety of charming articles, all made by the poorer classes of Irish villagers, except those on the stalls of the Distressed Irish Ladies, consisting mostly of embroideries on underlinen and handkerchiefs, and of the Royal Irish School of Art Needlework, the most beautiful of whose many lovely exhibits was a screen that Princess Henry of Battenberg is giving as a Christmas present to the Empress Eugénie, on which the Imperial violets and the English rose are stitched in loving harmony, while shamrocks form the border. Other stalls bore the delightful, ever-wearing Irish tweeds, the knitted jackets for golfers, and the stockings for the same players or for cyclists, the industry that Lady Arran specially patronises; the exquisite white embroideries under the care of the Duchess of Abercorn, and the wood-carving that Lady Castlerosse not only designs but personally teaches the peasantry to execute. The Irish lace comes from various sources—much of the best is executed in convents, partly by the nuns and partly by the women whom they assist; but much of the lace is also made in cottage homes. This is specially the case with the crochet lace, which, it is instructive to learn, is almost entirely taken by great Paris dress-houses, its excellence as an adornment for cloth gowns having been recognised by those masters of the art of dress more fully than our own designers have yet done.

It was, indeed, characteristically kind and charming of the Princess of Wales to provide special and personal badges for the four nurses who have tended the wounded on the hospital-ship called after her Royal Highness. The Princess has visited the ship on each of its arrivals home filled with invalids; and this being the last trip that it is to make, and the nurses' special duty being thus terminated, the gracious Princess gave them the great pleasure of presenting

them with her gift on her final visit to the scene of their labours. The badge is a brooch in the shape of a cross of white enamel outlined with red enamel, having her Royal Highness's coronet in its proper colouring for its surmount, and engraved on the back are the words: "From Alexandra. For Faith, Hope, and Charity." It is arranged to be worn from a red ribbon or pinned in as a brooch. The Princess shook hands with each nurse, and graciously thanked them for their services on her ship. Now these four nurses will assuredly desire or deserve no more delightful and permanent recognition of the manner in which they have fulfilled their patriotic duty!

But how about the other war-nurses? Some of them were perforce amateurs: in the beleaguered towns no trained nurses, or only a very inadequate number, were to be found. Others—the trained nurses specially engaged and sent out—have been as much the soldiers of the State as the loyal and brave men who went into the field. Is there to be no reward for them—nothing at all for the volunteer nurses, and only the miserable pay, the contemptible fifteen shillings a week that this lavishly spending country offered for its trained war-nurses? Insignificant as was that officially fixed rate of payment, there were hundreds of nurses ready to go to the risk and excessive toil of the war-nursing. If there were not enough nurses for the sick and wounded in the hospitals, it was not because the nurses were unwilling to serve, but simply because the War Office had not learned the lesson of the Crimea, and would not understand that nursing is as specifically female work in war-time as shooting is male.

That brilliant descriptive writer whose fairness and graphic writing combined have made him so fine a reputation as a war-correspondent in this campaign, Mr. A. G. Hales, has written as follows: "The nurses connected with the Army struck me as being the best arm of the service. They were, as a rule, well-trained, intelligent, hard-working, patient under heavy trials, and so full of grit and stamina that one wondered where their tireless strength came from. When the tents were reeking with disease in loathsome forms they were always at their posts, ever-ready. The fever grew apace—the overcrowded tents were nothing but pest-houses where the microbe was holding high festivity. The nurses had to rise to the emergency, or the men around would wither as corn withers in a blizzard. They were equal to the demands on their courage, energy, and devotion to duty. No correspondents hung around those hospital tents to flash across the ocean messages to tell how the nurses, worn out with work and watching, still stuck to their posts, as the soldier stuck to his guns. They were only women. . . . The voice of our people has not spoken as it should have spoken with regard to these sisters of ours, who proved that they were every inch as good as their brothers who wore the khaki and gathered in the laurels." One can but applaud, and wonder if the splendid example set

by the Princess of Wales, with her womanly appreciation, gained beside the sick-beds of those dear to her, of other women's work in this direction will not stir the hearts and consciences of the official distributors of decorations and honours to offer something in the shape of a medal to the nurses—the amateurs whom General Baden-Powell so has warmly praised, as well as the inadequately paid professional nurses to whom the testimony above cited refers.

Gold on gowns continues its popularity, but it is as well to hasten to adopt the fashion, since it will soon grow common. The pretty gilt ends and tags to ribbon velvet ties for the neck are much used, and on most gowns there is a rosette or a bow and ends placed somewhere to which a *ferret* can be affixed. Lace is now worked with gold thread, as well as the actual gold lace being much used. A low or *chou* of some bright colour is good style on a dark gown, and can be carelessly affixed to the left side of the bust against the arm, or to the top of the shoulder, or close to the neck at choice. Huge gold tissue roses are the latest idea for smartening the general effect of an evening dress; they are as large as cheese-plates, and are placed on the dress in the same way as just described—fixed with apparent carelessness near the left shoulder. They are also used as toques for afternoon wear. It is fashionable to wear a good deal of neck-adornment with a low dress; the pearl collars that are the appanage of almost everybody in these days of lavish expenditure on real gems by those who can afford it, and fearless imitations on the part of those of less long purse, are now supplemented by twists of lace or of the chiffon or brocade of which the gown is made, and against this wisp of dainty fabric a single-row pearl necklace or a diamond collet one looks effective.

Very magnificent tea-gowns, showing the possibilities of velvet and lace combined with fur, are depicted by our Artist this week. The one with a girdle of silk cord and silver intertwined is edged with sable and trimmed on the revers and wide cuffs with exquisite jewelled embroideries; the vest and undersleeves are of chiffon, with lace collar and elbow-frillings. The other is a variation of the same theme: velvet with sable edgings, chiffon underdress, and jewelled embroideries for collar, waistbelt, and cuffs. Gowns such as these would, of course, be worn for dinners and evenings.

Messrs. Spiers and Pond are, perhaps, known to the widest circle as caterers and hotel proprietors; but their success in that direction is only part of their great business as "universal providers," which is carried on in large premises in Queen Victoria Street and Water Lane, City, just beside Ludgate Hill Station. Thousands of "knowledgeable" customers seek these premises for all they require: from jewellery and plate to the groceries and the game, the joints and the sweets, that adorn the table better than even silver dishes to a hungry man's fancy. The premises have recently been partly rebuilt, and the jewellery department has now fine show-rooms covering an area of 1300 superficial feet, and fully stocked with novelties of good design. Our illustrations, one a diamond and ruby brooch and one all diamonds, serve to show the good taste of



A GRACEFUL TEA-GOWN.



DIAMOND BROOCH.

DIAMOND AND RUBY LACE-PIN.

Messrs. Spiers and Pond.

the designs. For the value of the stones at the price, a personal inspection will give satisfactory testimony. There are many ornaments at very cheap prices. A necklace, just the thing for a girl, may be cited; clusters of pearls in front, with a gold chain to complete the circlet, and the price only a few shillings over five pounds. Pendants, bracelets, and lace-brooches are available in charming designs.

Messrs. Elkington are one of the oldest firms engaged in the manufacture of goldsmith's and silversmith's artistic productions. They have received innumerable honours in recognition of the excellence of their goods, among them royal appointments to the Queen and several foreign Courts. Their electro-plate is named "Elkington Plate,"

BRUSH FROM TOILET SET.
Messrs. Elkington.

and is of the first quality. They have establishments at Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, and Newcastle, besides the fine London show-rooms at 22, Regent Street (where members of the royal family do their Christmas shopping), and 73, Cheapside. Here may be seen a variety of articles specially suitable for presents; from silver statuettes of heroes of the present war to pretty little gifts such as sets of afternoon tea-spoons in original designs in cases, sugar-sifters, ash-trays, and photo-frames. The brush illustrated is a portion of an exquisite toilet-service in copyright design. That Corinthian pillar candlestick for the piano is an excellent specimen of the finest silversmith's art of the day. A silver case to enclose a flat bottle of lavender smelling-salts would be a pretty present; so would one of the long scent-bottles that slip easily in muff or pocket. Sterling silver waist-belt clasps and buckles and chate-laines and more costly articles, candelabra, epergnes, and all silversmith's wares are in abundant variety. A catalogue can be had by post.

PIANO CANDLESTICK.
Messrs. Elkington.

PILONINA.



A MAGNIFICENT TEA-GOWN.



Ye Christmas Box.

SWAN SOAP.

For Delicate Fabrics.
For Tender Skins.
For the Toilet and the Bath.
Dainty, Fragrant.
Wholesome, Healing.

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The night attack of the Boers, in two companies, and three thousand strong in all, resulted in heavy casualties. Five officers and nine men were killed; and eighteen officers and over five hundred men were taken prisoners. General Clements says the four companies of Northumbria and Fusiliers held out on the hill, which was to have been another Majuba for purposes of strategy, as long as their ammunition lasted. A company of Yorkshire Light Infantry, sent as reinforcements, failed to reach the top; and the hill was carried at half-past six in the morning.

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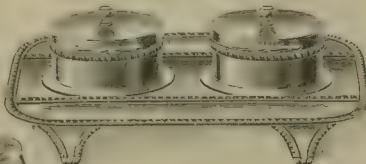
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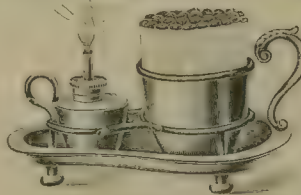
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HOME FROM THE FRONT: FIGHTING THEIR BATTLES OVER AGAIN WITH OGDEN'S GUINEA GOLD CIGARETTES.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"CHURCH AND STAGE," A FIRST PIECE AT THE CRITERION.

Scarcely worthy of its author, Mr. Malcolm Watson's reputation, or even of any serious criticism, is the new one-act play, "Church and Stage," which now raises the curtain at the Criterion Theatre. It is an old-fashioned and extravagant farce, the humours of which turn on the prejudice entertained by a Scotch minister against the theatre and all connected with it, and therefore on the embarrassments attending a young stage-devotee who has married into the minister's family without daring to indicate his profession. The playwright contrives certain broadly comical effects of scene and character, but his little piece, which might have passed muster twenty years ago, has no more relation with the life of to-day than, say, Mr. Crockett's story of "The Playactress." Still, though "Church and Stage" does nothing to strengthen the unremarkable Criterion programme, it is acted capably by such clever people as Mr. J. Byron, Mr. J. H. Brewer, and Miss Spencer Branton, and serves to introduce in Miss Nellie Sydney a bright and attractive soubrette. Meantime, Captain Marshall's attenuated political skit, "The Noble Lord," is now played much more briskly and vivaciously.

"CHARLEY'S AUNT," REVIVED AT THE GREAT QUEEN STREET THEATRE.

Considering that Mr. Brandon Thomas's famous farce, "Charley's Aunt," was never more than an elaborate spinning out of one grotesque idea, and that the play already is over six years old and can boast some thousand or more performances, playgoers will be quite astonished to find how far from stale, nay, how entertaining, in a violent fashion, its mechanical fun still remains on reproduction. This comparative vitality, of course, is mainly due to the amusing pranks of Mr. Penley in his sham rôle of an eccentric old lady; indeed, the energetic comedian has such modest support at his Great Queen Street Theatre that he practically bears the whole burden of the revival—as he is well able to do—upon his own shoulders.

MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS, AT THE CORONET.

For thirteen years now, starting perhaps with the days of "Indiana" and "The Old Guard," Mr. Arthur Roberts has been reckoned one of our most versatile burlesque comedians. And since the death of Mr. Fred Leslie he

has been "owned without dispute through all the realms of Nonsense absolute"—the one man capable of bearing the main burden of an extravaganza. In "H.M.S. Irresponsible," for which Mr. J. P. Cornish, the author, furnishes the story of a gentleman's gentleman masquerading as Captain in the Navy, and the scene-painter provides three



CANADIAN TROOPS RETURNED FROM SOUTH AFRICAN SERVICE EMBARKING AT LIVERPOOL FOR THEIR HOMEWARD VOYAGE.

A Canadian detachment of nearly three hundred officers and men went for home from Liverpool last week on board the steamship "Lake Champlain." The enthusiasm of the crew-off was a fitting duty which has everywhere been shown to these soldiers in arms during the war. An enormous crowd gathered and cheered; and the Lord Mayor and the Bishop of Liverpool made eulogistic speeches, to which Colonel Otter, in command of the force, suitably replied.

picturesque scenes, set respectively on the beach of a Greek island, on the deck of an English ironclad, and in a Turkish bazaar, the popular actor is burdened, but, happily, not overburdened. Mr. Roberts's various talents—for mimicry, for comic singing, for quick repartee, and for firing-off the latest Cockney argot—are most admirably exploited. And the subordinate members of the company are allowed full opportunity for filling up the intervals.

MUSIC.

Lady Hallé made her last appearance at the St. James's Hall Saturday Popular Concerts on Saturday, Dec. 15. It may have been partly due to the announcement of the favourite Septet in E flat of Beethoven that the concert-room was filled to overflowing, but in any case so favourite a violinist as Lady Hallé would have drawn a very large and very enthusiastic audience. Her solo, with a pianoforte accompaniment by Mdlle. Stockmarr, was the Adagio in F major of Spohr, the middle movement of the Ninth Concerto in D minor. To this she graciously acceded an encore. She also played in the septet, which is probably the most universally liked and known of any of Beethoven's chamber-music. It was first played in the last year of the last century 1800, and was since twice rearranged by Beethoven himself, once as a trio and once as a quintet, in each case omitting the wind instruments, the clarinet, French horn, and bassoon, that play an important part in the septet. This is interesting to note; for Beethoven, feeling, perhaps, that he was yet working under the spell of Mozart's influence, affected to depreciate the esteem in which, later, this septet was held. On Saturday last the wind instruments were quite excellent, especially the clarinet, to which the exquisite melody of the adagio is confided. The minuet and andante, with its graceful, fine variations, was also excellently performed, led, of course, by the first violin, Lady Hallé. Miss Evelyn Stuart played with considerable distinction and refinement two solos—first, the "Siciliano" of Bach, which was originally written for the flute and clavier, and forms the middle movement of his sonata. The flute-notes, soft and beautiful, seemed happily paraphrased on the piano, and the entire movement was delicately interpreted. M. J. H.

Another of the series of fancy-dress balls, held under the management of Messrs. Frank Rendle and Neil Forsyth, at Covent Garden, took place on Friday, the 14th, and proved a great success. The costumes were particularly well chosen, more especially those worn by the gentlemen. A dress illustrating Bi-metallism was, perhaps, the most noticeable, but it was closely followed by "Strand Improvements," "United Europe," and several others. A special feature is the music supplied by Godfrey's orchestra.

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GENTLENESS AND FORCE.

'Sweet Mercy is Nobility's true badge.'—SHAKESPEARE.

'Gentleness: the unarmed child.'—EMERSON.

LOVE would put a new face on this weary old world, in which we dwell as pagans and enemies too long; and it would warm the heart to see how fast the vain diplomacy of Statesmen, the impotence of Armies and Navies and lines of defence would be superseded by this unarmed child. Love will creep where it cannot go; will accomplish that by imperceptible methods—being its own fulcrum, lever, and power—which force could never achieve. Have you not seen in the woods, on a late Autumn morning, a poor fungus or mushroom, a plant without any solidity—nay, that seemed nothing but a soft mush jelly—by its constant, bold, and inconceivable gentle pushing manage to break its way up through the frosty ground, and actually to lift hard crust on its head? This is the symbol of the power of kindness. The virtue of this principle in human society, in application to great interests, is obsolete and forgotten. Once or twice in history it has been tried, in illustrious instances, with signal success. This great overgrown dead Christendom of ours still keeps alive at least the name of a love of mankind. But one day all men will be lovers, and every calamity will be dissolved in the universal sunshine.'—Emerson.

O BLESSED HEALTH!

HE WHO HAS THEE has

LITTLE MORE to WISH FOR!

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And bear it with an honest heart.

'Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go! lose or conquer as you can;
But, if you fall, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.'

—THACKERAY.

'Oh! ever thus from Childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower
But 'twas the first to fade away.

'I never nursed a dear gazelle
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well
And love me, it was sure to die.'

—MOORE.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 9, 1897) of Sir Henry Page-Turner Barron, second Baronet, C.M.G., of the Alexandra Hotel, Knightsbridge, and 14, Goethestrasse, Stuttgart, who died on Sept. 12, was proved on Dec. 6 by Arthur Dryden, Edward Winston Barron, and Frederick Wolfe, the executors, the value of the estate being £306,473. The testator devises his real estate in England to his nephew Cecil Polhill Turner, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male; and his real estate in Ireland to his cousin Edward Winston Barron, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons in seniority, with remainder to his daughters. He bequeaths £1250, upon trust, for the maintenance of the Catholic churches at Ballymacart, Clonca, Dunhill, Newtown, and Shadhbally; £250 for the deserving poor of those parishes; £200 for the poor of Waterford; £300 for the maintenance of the Church of St. John, Waterford; £6000 for the erection of a Catholic church at Ferrybank; £3000 for the erection of a mausoleum commemorative of his family; £1000 for hospitals and charitable institutions in Waterford; £3000 for hospitals and charitable institutions in Dublin; £1000 each to the Irish Unionist Alliance, the Irish Association for the Prevention of Intemperance, the Distressed Irish Ladies' Fund, and the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick; £3000 each to the Charity Organisation Society and the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund; £2000 to the Archbishop of Westminster for distribution among the Catholic charitable institutions in his diocese, and certain of his pictures and the painting "The Magdalen," by Carlo Dolci, to the Irish National Gallery. He also bequeaths £10,000

to his sister Mrs. Emily Polhill Turner; £1000 each to his nephews Francis and Arthur Polhill Turner; £1000 each to his nieces Alice Challis, Beatrice Polhill Turner, and Helen Polhill Turner; £3000 to Mrs. Frances Farmer; £1000 to Mrs. Jessie Handyside; and legacies to relatives, executors, and servants.

The will (dated Oct. 3, 1900) of Mr. John Frederick France, of 114, Westbourne Grove, who died on Oct. 6, was proved on Dec. 6 by Richard Edward Jones, Jason Smith, and the Rev. Oswald Smith Bingham, the executors, the value of the estate being £36,459. The testator bequeaths £500 for the restoration of the west porch and entrance of Chichester Cathedral; £200 each to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Society for Promoting the Employment of Additional Curates, and the Incorporated Society for Promoting the Enlargement, Building, and Repairing of Churches and Chapels; £1000 to the Infant Orphan Asylum (Wanstead); £200 each to the School for the Indigent Blind (St. George's Fields, Southwark), the Rev. W. Callicote's Church Army (Edgware Road), and St. Giles's Refuge (Shaftesbury Avenue); £100 to the National Industrial Home for Crippled Boys, Wright's Lane, Kensington; £10 to the Samaritan Fund, Guy's Hospital; and on the death of his sister Emily Phillis France £2000 to the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society, Redhill. He directs his executors to purchase from the governing body of St. Anne's Society a grant of the right of presentation in perpetuity to the benefits of the asylum in favour of the persons who shall constitute the Council of the Royal Medical Benevolent College, Epsom, such privilege to be exercised exclusively in favour of necessitous orphan daughters of medical men who have

been not less than five years in independent practice in England or Wales, and in strict accordance with the provisions of nine similar deeds of grant already obtained by him. Subject to a few legacies he leaves the residue of his property as to one moiety to the Royal Medical Benevolent College, for the relief of poor and necessitous medical men; and the other moiety between the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Society for Promoting the Employment of Additional Curates, and the Incorporated Society for Promoting the Enlargement, Building, and Repairing of Churches and Chapels.

The will (dated Aug. 1, 1894) of Mrs. Jane Junius-Stallard, of 25, Park Street, Park Lane, who died on Oct. 25, was proved on Dec. 11 by Miss Rowena Lindsey Junius-Stallard and Miss Jane Geraldine Lindsey Junius-Stallard, the daughters, and William Toynbee, the executors, the value of the estate being £27,211. The testatrix gives £200 and an annuity of £150 to her sister, Caroline Ellen Stallard; £200 each to William Toynbee and Elizabeth Hatcheldon; £100 each to her sisters Mrs. Eliza Toynbee and Mrs. Mary Ann Kelsey; £100 to her brother, General Stallard; and £100 to Spencer T. Smith. The residue of her property she leaves to her daughters.

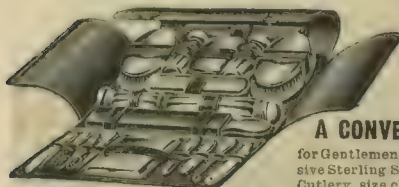
The will (dated Dec. 12, 1899), with a codicil (dated Aug. 23, 1900), of Captain Willoughby Harcourt Carter, of Armaghkeen, Galway, and 23, Clifton Crescent, Folkestone, who died on Oct. 18, was proved on Dec. 6 by Miss Florence Anna Georgina Carter, the daughter, J. J. Morgan, and Edward Cruje Ferguson Davie, the executors, the value of the estate being £21,545. The testator devises his property in Talbot Street, and Marlborough Street, Dublin, to his son Major Duncan

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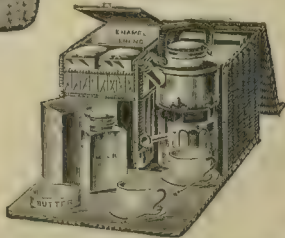
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Campbell Carter, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male, but charged with the payment of annuities of £150 to his wife, £100 to his daughter, Florence Anna Georgina, while a spinster, and £120 to his son Charles Herbert Philip Carter; and he also devises certain property in Galway to his son Charles Herbert Philip. He bequeaths £300 and the use of his residences, with the furniture and effects, to his wife; and £50 to the Royal Victoria Hospital (Folkestone). His residuary estate is to be held upon trust to pay £200 per annum to his daughter Florence Anna Georgina during the life of her mother, and subject thereto for his wife. On the decease of Mrs. Carter he gives £7000 to his daughter Florence Anna Georgina; £50 each to J. J. Morgan and E. C. F. Davis; £200 to his nephew J. D. Stuart; and the ultimate residue between his children Duncan Campbell, Charles Herbert Philip, Florence Anna Georgina, and Mrs. Frances Edith Banks. The testator makes no provision for his eldest son, Willoughby Harcourt, as he succeeds to the settled estates in Galway, Wicklow, and Queen's County.

The will of Mrs. Eliza Lucinda Pickersgill, of 68, Belsize Park, who died on Oct. 13, was proved on Nov. 26 by Miss Florence Pickersgill and Andrew Alfred Collyer-Bristowe, the value of the estate being £18,560.

The will (dated Jan. 2, 1895) of Captain the Hon. Maurice Archibald Bourke, R.N., of 20, Eaton Square, was proved on Dec. 3 by Dermot Robert Wyndham, Earl of Mayo, the brother and sole executor, the value of the estate being £5997.

The will (dated March 12, 1900) of Sir Francis George Thurlow Cunynghame, Bart., who died on Nov. 12, was proved on Nov. 30 by George Wadham and Innes Stuckey, the executors, the value of the estate being £10,195.

The will (dated Oct. 2, 1900) of the Rev. James Porter, D.D., Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge, who died on Oct. 2, was proved on Dec. 1 by John Sinclair Porter, the brother and sole executor, the value of the estate being £8718. The testator leaves all his property to his wife.

The will of Mrs. Mary Wall, of Blythewood, Sutton, Surrey, who died on Sept. 13, was proved on Nov. 23 by

Thomas Wall and Frederick Charlton Wall, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £11,213.

The will of Miss Frances Lushington, of Kingsley, Alton, who died on Aug. 21, was proved on Nov. 28 by Miss Alice Lushington, the sister and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £12,833.

The will of Mr. Henry Andrew Harper, of Buckhurst Lodge, Westerham Hill, Kent, who died on Nov. 3, was proved on Nov. 30 by Lady Elizabeth Emily Harper, the widow, Francis Clements Harper, the son, and Elizabeth Mary Harper, the daughter, three of the executors, the value of the estate being £4690.

The will of Sir Francis Houston Hartwell, Bart., of 38, Courtfield Gardens, who died on Sept. 26, was proved on Dec. 10 by Dame Emma Jane Hartwell, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £164.

The will of Dame Harriet Bowman, of Joldwynds, Holmby St. Mary, Surrey, who died on Oct. 25, was proved on Dec. 10 by Miss Eliza Bowman, the daughter, the value of the estate being £2380.

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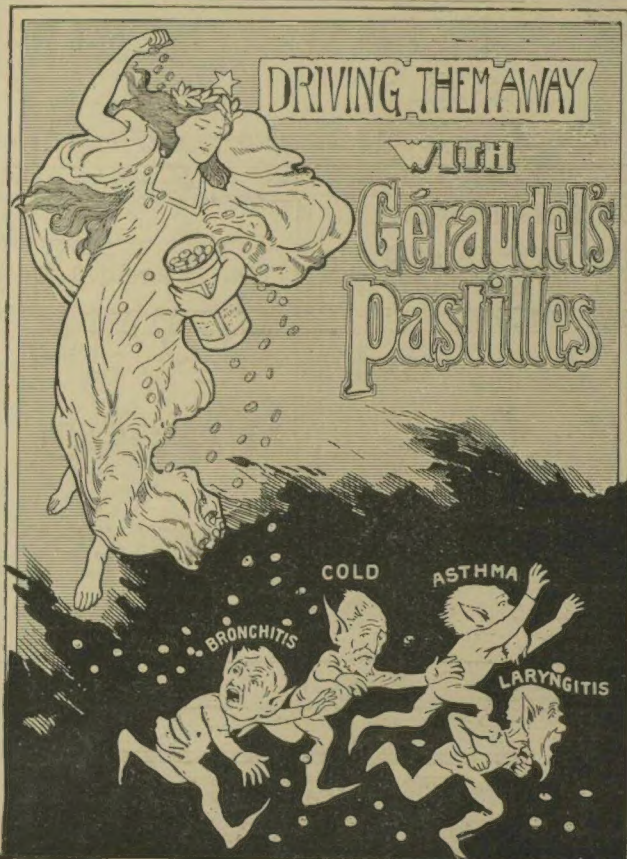
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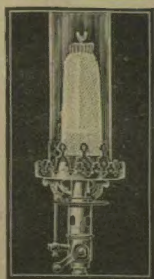


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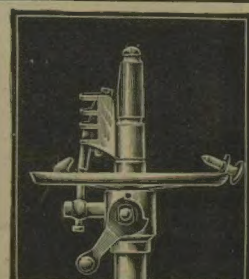
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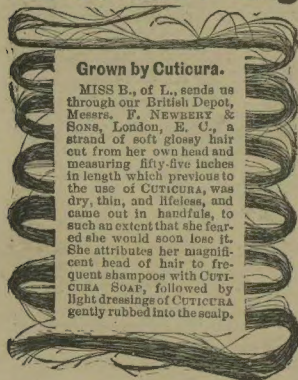
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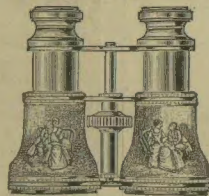
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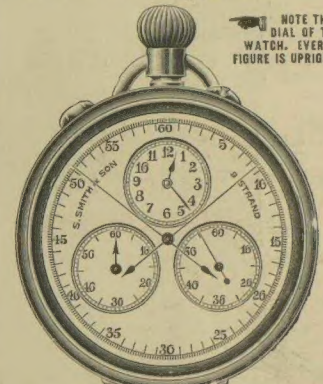


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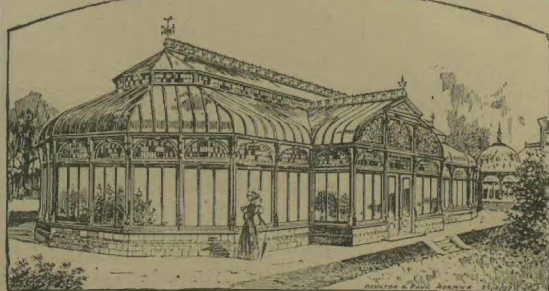
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who has been staying for some weeks at the Palace in his Cathedral city, last Saturday unveiled a portrait of Canon Maclear, Warden of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury. The picture was painted by Mr. C. W. Furse, whose portraits of Churchmen are so successful and so generally admired.

The Rev. C. Silvester Horne, one of the most popular of the younger London ministers, has received a call to Morningside Congregational Church, Edinburgh. The late minister of this church, Professor Douglas Mackenzie, now of Chicago, has frequently preached for Mr. Horne in Kensington Chapel. Mr. Horne is a son-in-law of Mr. Justice Cozens-Hardy, and owing to his frequent visits to Leatheringset Hall, Norfolk, is already a well-known figure in the county. He has spoken at Liberal meetings at Cromer and elsewhere.

Father Dolling's work at Poplar has made excellent progress during the present year. Arcadia Street, where his settlement is situated, is one of the most sordid of East End thoroughfares. Over a thousand children attend his schools, and Father Dolling himself constantly superintends the teaching. He believes that the hope for the future of East London lies in the work that is done for the

children. The life of the older inhabitants is a dreary dead-level, and they have lost the elasticity which might induce them to change it. Father Dolling was in Paddington a few weeks ago explaining his work to a West End audience. It is only on rare occasions, however, that he escapes nowadays from Poplar. One secret of his success is his spontaneous and charming Irish humour; another is the excellent physical health which enables him to withstand all the depressing influences of East London.

"Peter Lombard" has contributed to the *Church Times* some recollections of the middle century. He observes that public men are much better known to the masses than they were fifty years ago. Even the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel would have been unknown except for the pictures in *Punch*. They could be recognised at once in the streets by Leech's portraits. The political leaders of our own day are as well known to us by sight as our next-door neighbours.

The *Church Times* has a very curious notice of Ian Maclaren's latest volume, "Church-Folk." "By church-folk," says the reviewer, "Ian Maclaren means, of course, chapel-folk, and remembering that it is for them that he writes, the style and temper of these essays on chapel-life are explicable. Church-folk, in the usual connotation of

the word, for whom ear-tickling sermons are not the main idea of worship, and to whom popularity does not seem the pre-eminent and essential grace of the ministry, will scarcely appreciate the bantering, slightly cynical spirit in which this writer approaches what are presumably to him the highest expressions of his faith." Who would guess, after reading this, that many of Ian Maclaren's warmest admirers are to be found in the Church of England?

The *Church Times* publishes some amusing letters which Lord Halifax received when the papers erroneously announced his secession to the Church of Rome. One correspondent observes: "Like Judas, you have gone to your own place. Dante says that in hell Judas is shunned by all. When you enter hell, Judas will no longer be shunned by all. You and he will be fit companions, two of the choicest tools the devil ever had." This writer had actually the courage to sign his name.

The Rev. H. Russell Wakefield, Rector of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, has been appointed an Alderman of the Marylebone Borough Council.

The successor of Canon Henson at the Hospital Chapel, Ilford, will be the Venerable Thomas Stevens, Archdeacon of Essex and Vicar of Stratford.

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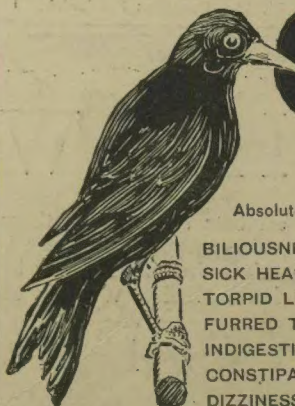
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